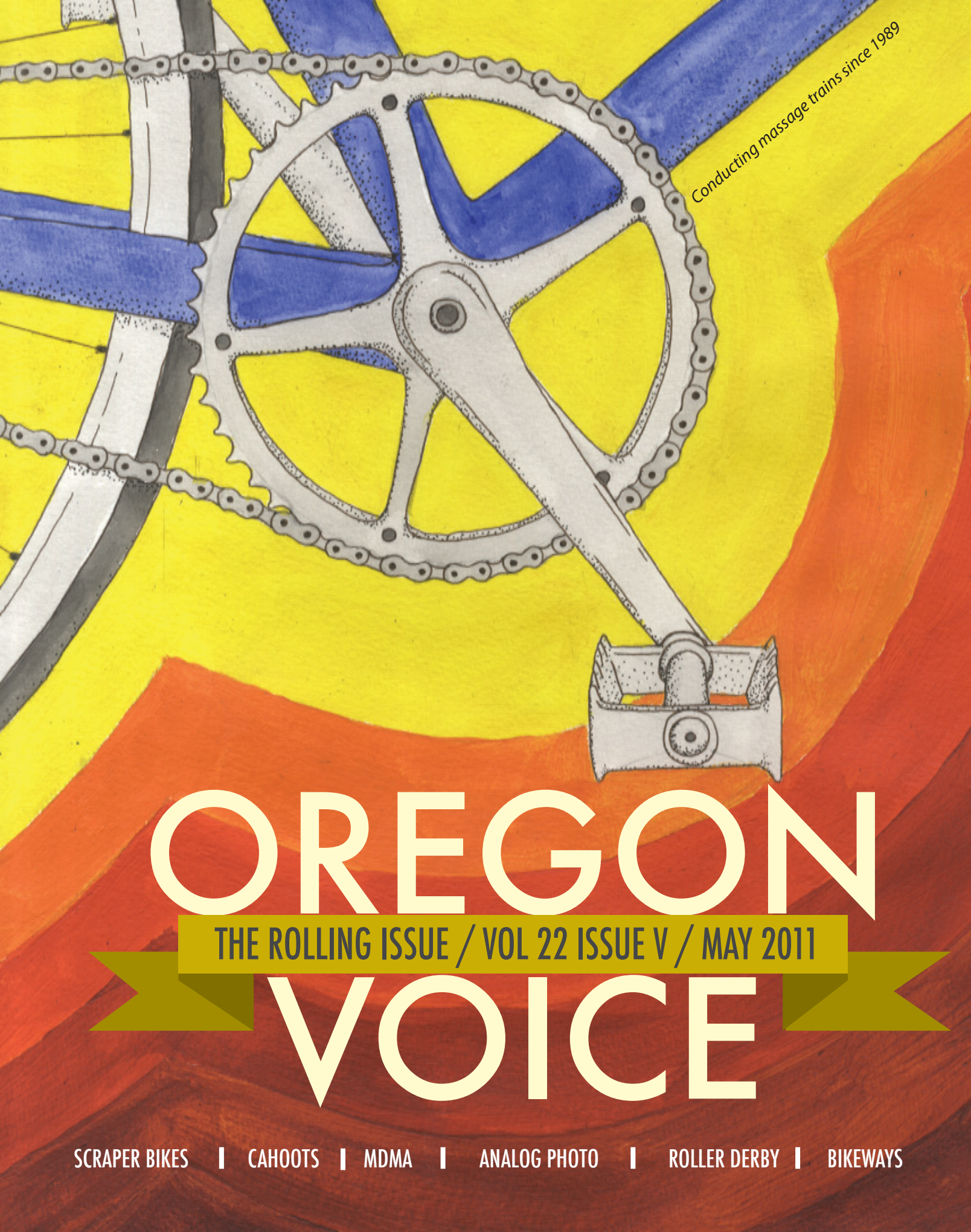

Conducting massage trains since 1989

OREGON VOICE

THE ROLLING ISSUE / VOL 22 ISSUE V / MAY 2011

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EDITOR'S NOTE:

In theory, the Rolling Issue came out at the end of week three. We spent a couple days recovering from our release party, enjoyed a relatively calm week four, and came into weeks five and six well rested and ready to at least not fail our midterms. In reality, it's week seven, and you're seeing this issue for the first time. Behind us lie the remnants of another production week/midterms collision. (Making us a perfect 3 for 3 on the year.)

It wasn't easy. Tears were shed, names were called, and amidst production turmoil Editor in Chief Noah Dewitt tapped his right wrist two times, summoning this right-hander from the bullpen to the keyboard. Now here I am, trying to close out my second Voice issue of the season. It's not as hard as it sounds; the real work has already been done. What's left is the refining stage, when every square inch is meticulously polished to ensure you, the reader, the most enjoyable OREGON VOICE experience possible.

By the numbers, the Rolling Issue looks something like this.

0: Penises. Contact Jwatts@uoregon.edu for more information.
2: *Commentator* staffers liberated.
3: People claiming to have come up with the Rolling theme for this issue.
5: Voice staffers whose real ten-digit phone numbers are printed in this issue.
12: Hairs grayed.
15.4: Grams of marijuana used to facilitate the writing process. (Estimated)
17: Ounces of decaf coffee mistakenly consumed.
19: Plays of the song "Roll Out" by Ludacris.
51: Oxford commas.
99: Problems, of which a bitch is not one.
287: Utterances of the word 'dawg' since the pitch meeting.
680: Miles travelled to interview "Baybe Champ" in Oakland.
800: Thread Count Sheets.
943: Cumulative seconds of overheard conversations.
1,320: Cara Merendino's SAT score (Out of 1,600).
1,500: Issues printed.

Enjoy.

Tyler

OFFICIAL STUFF

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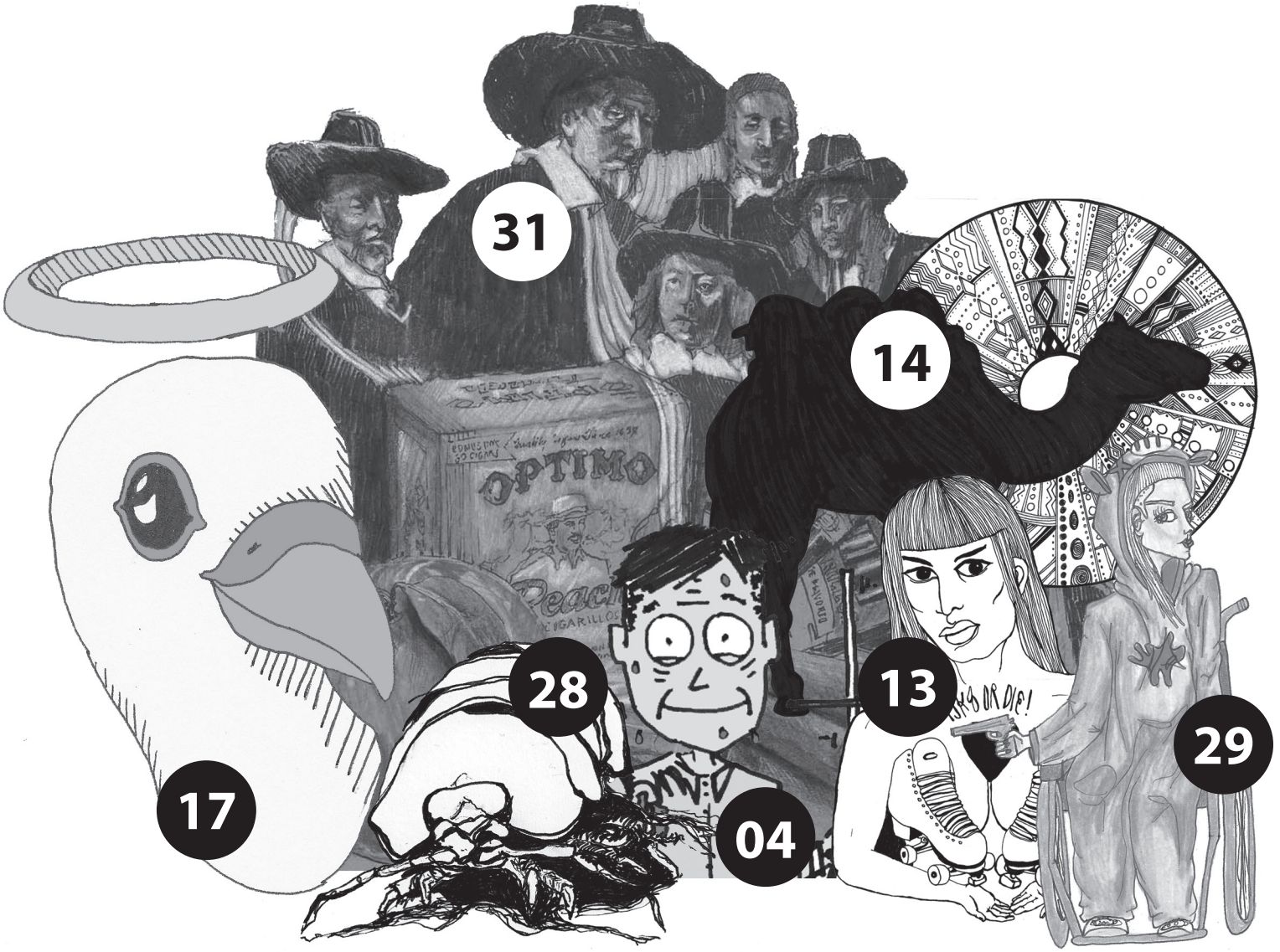

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WTF GUESS WHO?

words **MAGGIE APPEL**
art **NICK JACOBS**

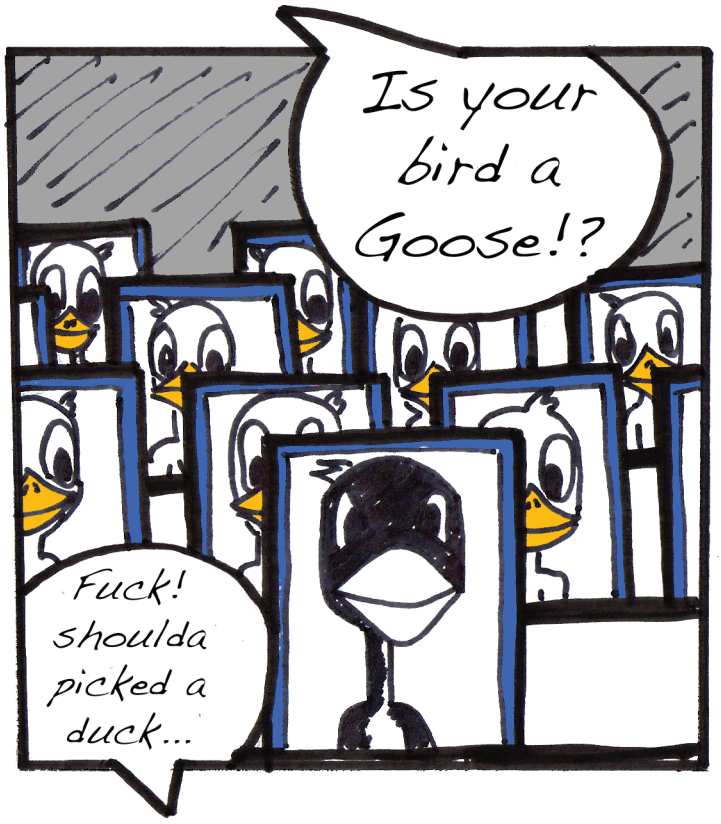
While most of you were in Cabo taking your tops off over spring break, I was at home playing the popular children's game Guess Who? This game is fun as hell, but it's also going to hell, and here's why: Even the most updated version of the game fails to represent anything close to a realistic ratio of women and minorities to the white male population in the United States. As I effortlessly murdered my competitors I began to notice a trend — my wins were not only a result of advanced guessing skill and intuition, but also the consistent selection of a white male to be my chosen "who." Among the game's 24 faces, there are 19 males and only five females. Also, there are 19 white people and only five non-whites. I'm not asking for '90s math book levels of multiculturalism, but considering there are actually more women than men in this country and many successful movements occurred to further race and gender equality, maybe some effort could be made by the staff over at Milton-Bradley to project a more realistic representation of diversity in America. Not to mention the names of these characters — Daniel, David, Sarah, Joseph — not exactly colorful, and mostly biblical. The game really leaves no question as to the whiteness of these people either, as most of them have blond or red hair. One character, Tyler, seems to embody every Jewish stereotype that a cartoon headshot will allow, but that doesn't make up for the fact that the game doesn't include a single Asian person, making UCLA silent library enthusiasts proud. Guess who? White dudes, that's who.

WTF CAFFEINE?

words **CARA MERENDINO**
art **NICK JACOBS**

We all know the feeling. Shaky legs, twitching lip, zipping brain. It's the feeling of overdosing on the world's most widely used mind-altering substance: caffeine. If you're like me and the other 54 percent of adults in the United States that drink coffee daily, you can understand the itch to caffeinate first thing before really facing the day.

If you have a shred of an addictive personality, chances are you will understand my woes. You see, sometimes I spend the entire first half of my day at Caspian loading cup after cup of bottomless coffee into my mouth faster than I can piss it out, and by the time I get to class, I can't seem to focus my eyeballs on one goddamn thing. Then it hits again, and it's worse. The professor calls on me, and all the papers on my desk up and leave me, floating gracefully all over the floor while I try to scrounge up that fleeting moment of intelligence that caused me to raise my hand in the first place, only to realize that it was 100 percent lost in the Great Caffeination. WTF!? I thought I was drinking coffee, not crack! And sure, I felt awake. Matter of fact, I hadn't had more half-formed awesome ideas firing around in my brain since yesterday's Great Caffeination. And yet, this feeling of alertness is all a façade for what will inevitably lead to scatterbrained half-communication, the need to urinate every 10 minutes, churning bowels, and the subtle-but-irritating twitching of miscellaneous body parts. I can't function on this seemingly "harmless" speed! My eyes are darting so fast, I can't maintain eye contact with anyone on this shit! What the fuck, caffeine!? I wish I knew how to quit you.



win in one turn with **duck, duck, goose who!?**

DON'T ROLL

TO SASQUATCH! WITHOUT READING THIS FIRST

words **WOODWARD BERNSTEIN**

If you were thinking of spending your Memorial Day weekend up at the Gorge in Eastern Washington, think again. Or at least, think more than this reporter did at Sasquatch! 2010. See, I wasn't aware at the time that Grant County, Wash., was a miserable and horrid little place with nothing better to do than send undercover police to music festivals to nab college-age kids and charge them as if they were high-up, drug-dealing felons who, in most cases, aren't even from the great state of Washington. As of Spring Break '11 (that's right, ten months after Sasquatch!) this reporter was branded, Hester Prynne style. Except instead of a scarlet 'A,' I can now rest easy knowing that for the rest of my life, I'll have to answer "Yes" to the old "Have you ever been convicted of a felony?" question on every job and housing application that comes through my hands… (That is, until I get down on my knees for the

Man in three years and beg that they expunge that shit.) So, if you are planning on indulging in risky behavior at the Gorge this Memorial Day, make sure to keep your eyes peeled for these tell-tale signs of Grant County's finest undercovers:

1. The person who came to talk to you asking for weed is seemingly over 30.

2. They are wearing a hemp necklace with a predominant peace sign/mushroom/pot leaf pendant that was most likely picked up at one of two gas stations within a 20-mile radius.

3. Your new "friend" looks like Kid Rock with badly done cornrows.

4. They tell you that they just "can't go back to their wife without a bag of 'shrooms, she doesn't want to see WEEN without them."

Now that you've been warned, listen to me. Cause I'd hate to hear that you and some buddies (one of whom may even be visiting you from the east coast) were just cooking breakfast at your campsite when two guys came up and hung out for forty minutes, talked shit, bought some herb and offered your friends who were stuck a ride as far south as Portland, then nabbed you with some fungus you didn't even want to have in your possession in the first place and in the last moments of their 40-minute hang sesh, alerted their big buddies hiding elsewhere that as soon as those two guys say their heartfelt good byes, you be cuffed and thrown in a chain-link holding cell with beer advertisements hanging from it to taunt you, only to be transported to jail 600 miles from home and anyone you know with no wallet or cell phone. Hey, at least I don't have to worry about who I'm gonna vote for in the 2012 Presidential Election.

THE ROLLED "R"

words **ALEX TOMCHAK SCOTT**

"Do you guys still have that fudge?" was the tentative question in the customer's voice.

I raised my eyebrow at her. We don't sell fudge. I told her. She insisted. "I promise you, I've worked at this cafe for three years and we don't sell fudge."

We sorted out the misunderstanding (chocolate samples or something) and I got her a chocolate pastry. Then I turned to ask the fudge-seeker's friend what she'd like. Before I could open my mouth, she rolled her eyes and said, "Maybe they would have understood if you'd asked in Spanish. These guys don't speak good English."

Many of my coworkers speak Spanish as a native language, and I've taught myself enough to communicate in Spanish, with a pretty convincing accent at times. I roll my Rs convincingly, both in the Spanish "para llevar" to indicate she wanted her drink to go and in the French guttural "r" in the croissant she ordered, so maybe that confused her (my mom has taught both languages, so I'll blame osmosis).

But I am a native English speaker. English was spoken at my childhood home and nothing else. I have a slightly atypical lilt suntanned into my voice from growing up in Hawai'i, but it's mostly a West Coast accent I've got going on. And it's not the first time this has happened.

I have no problem with people thinking I'm Mexican, as are my coworkers. It's kind of flattering. I do have a problem with the apparent delibility of my fundamental identity. Am I who I believe I am in my own mind, or am I the person that exists in the impressions of others? I've always perceived myself to do a good enough job of keeping those people similar enough that it wasn't an issue, but now I have to ask the question.

RAPIDFIRE WTF

WTF Fiber One bars - farts all day. **WTF** interior decorator of Knight Library. Barf green doesn't match barf pink. **WTF** Lariviere, my spring break was dangerous just to spite you. **WTF** UO, Noam Chomsky isn't good enough for the Matt Knight Arena? **WTF** Broken glass, get out of the bike lane. **WTF** Party buses. **WTF** Reeses for breakfast! **WTF**

DROPPIN EAVES ON YO' ASS

He just sat there and stared at her vagina for like, 30 minutes...

Sometimes we cross paths, but we always keep moving...

To be honest, Flava Flave is...

I've only used six pills in the past week...

How'd you get so much Sudafed?

Two parents as doctors, bro.

Only some jiggles are chill...

PANDA-MONIUM

After EPD crackdown, freshman potheads did something ... or something

words **SAM TEPE**
art **KIMBER GRIESSER**

Spring has arrived, and students have sun on their mind. Most scholars seek refuge from the classroom environment, and Washburne Park, more popularly known as "Panda Park," is a prime place to do just that.

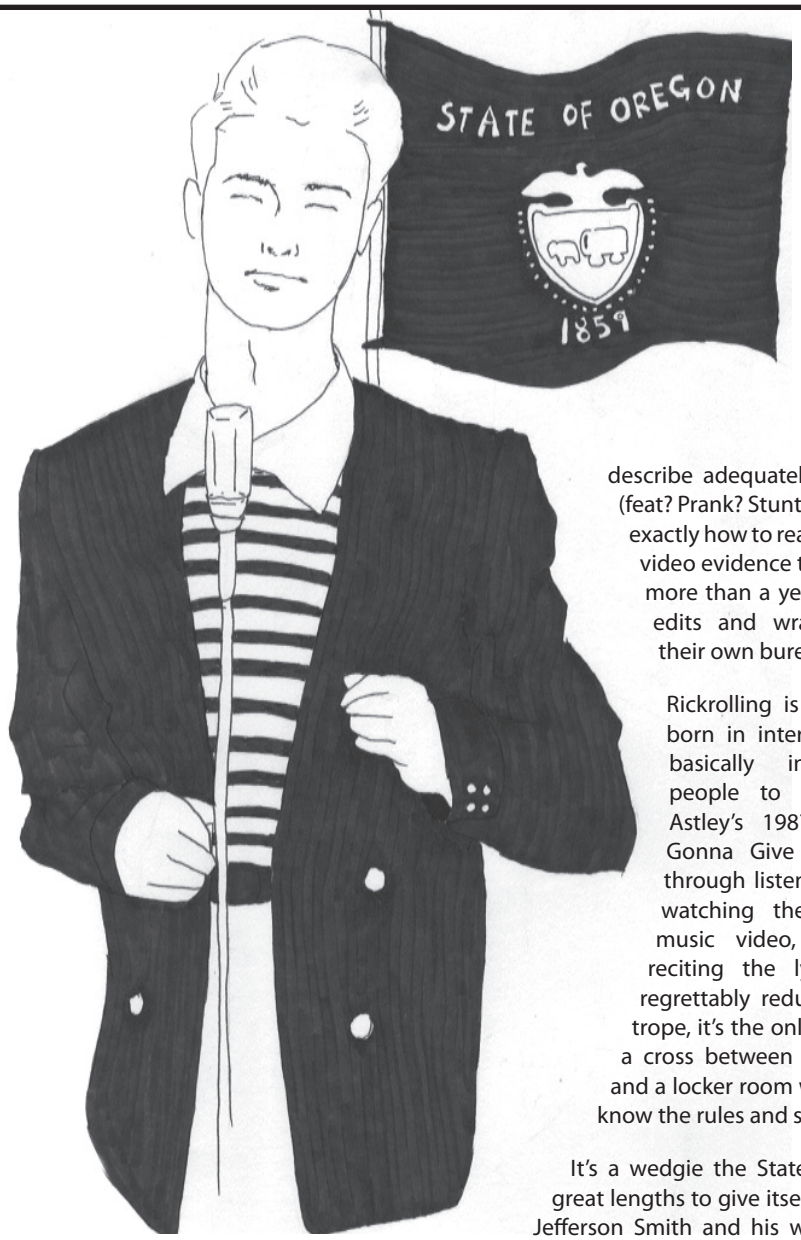
Since time immemorial — or at least since I've been in town — Eugenites have been flipping frisbees, climbing trees, and "torching loaves" at Panda Park. But what was once a special little secret just south of campus, eventually morphed into a mainstream marajawannaburn safe haven. On any given afternoon a sightseer could have spotted a dozen or so seated assemblies of students, reading, laughing, lounging, smoking, joking, and toking.

"Smot poking" sessions used to go down seamlessly and shamelessly, but by February of this year, the freaking 5-0 got word and started ambushing sweet-tempered sensi-smokers and looting them for their treasures. Tales of confrontations, confiscations, and fines started to bud on the grapevine, and this consequently deterred masses of humans from visiting the previously delightful Mary-Jane Mecca.

"The police came out from behind the bushes," said fellow freshman Chris Hillemann as he recounted the day he got rolled. "He just walked over and popped us both for possession charges." Despite the luckless incident Hillemann has not let the fuzz stop him from spending time at his favorite spot in Eugene. But nowadays when Hillemann heads to Panda he make sure to leave any controlled substances at home.

By means of Facebook, Chris organized a creative and peaceful response to the EPD's disruptive campaign. This year on 4/20, the "skunkiest" day of the year, Chris called for a student gathering at Panda. Students were encouraged not to bring any illegal substances to the park that day, and instead to smoke only tobacco and other herbal substitutes.

Six months ago nobody could have foreseen a pot-free 4/20 at Panda. Hopefully nobody's feelings were that hurt. What was once one of the last unregulated public areas for toking around campus ultimately ended up off limits to the grass enthusiasts of the University of Oregon, but I guess that's just the way the nugget crumbles.



RICKROLL

Oregon State Legislature has a sense of humor, Rickrolls itself. Who says politicians can't get anything done?

words **ALEX TOMCHAK SCOTT**
art **TAYLOR JOHNSTON**

During its February 2010 legislative session, members of the Oregon State House of Representatives made an incomprehensible decision: They rickrolled themselves.

It's difficult to come up with a noun to describe adequately what they did (feat? Prank? Stunt?), let alone know exactly how to react to it and to the video evidence they posted, after more than a year of painstaking edits and wrangling through their own bureaucratic process.

Rickrolling is a practical joke born in internet forums that basically involves forcing people to experience Rick Astley's 1987 single "Never Gonna Give You Up," be it through listening to the song, watching the accompanying music video, or unwittingly reciting the lyrics. To use a regrettably reductive journalist's trope, it's the online equivalent of a cross between the Circle Game and a locker room wedgie. Now you know the rules and so do I.

It's a wedgie the State House went to great lengths to give itself. Representative Jefferson Smith and his wife invented the plan to rickroll the House themselves. Smith enlisted fellow representatives (in the video, I count 11 different ones) to sneak lines from Astley's song into their speeches. Once the legislators had finally gained access to the footage and edited it, they cut the lines together in the correct sequence and posted the video on YouTube.

It's difficult to keep one's reactions to the video in perspective. My gut reaction, for instance, is that it must be some sort of warning sign of the decline of American democracy, but then I'm a bit of a cynic. Positive reactions are also out of whack: "These legislators are my heroes," writes one YouTube user. "This is why I'm proud to live in Oregon," writes another.

The legislators themselves also seem to be a bit out-of-touch: "No bills were harmed in the making of this video," reads a title card near the end of the clip. "(Indeed, every bill discussed in the video passed.)" This suggests legislators believe their constituents judge them on the sheer volume of bills they pass, or perhaps that they use that metric to judge themselves. I hope not; I hope people judge their representatives on things like the freedom, justice and opportunity provided by the political system to which they are beholden, and the level of principle those representatives display.

Aside from the idea that it was a practical joke that he and his wife hatched, Smith has not presented a cogent reason for the video's existence. It seems unfair to superimpose any upon him by supposition, but it's too tempting, all the same, to wonder if this was Smith making a cry for attention.

Is this really the kind of attention he wants? The nadir of the video itself comes when Rep. Vicki Berger grimaces as she sighs Astley's "ooh" into the camera, holding up her hands helplessly as she does so. But what's also striking is the way Smith himself mumbles his lines, squinting straight down at the papers upon which his speech is printed, as if he's not exactly proud of what he's doing. If the spotlight is what he wants, you want to see him to seize it for all it's worth, rather than choke at the big moment. Go on, Jeff, this will make you a star, won't it?

Instead, I can't help but pity him and everyone else involved. Though Smith reassured an interviewer that they understood the meaning of a rickroll, I don't find myself convinced. A rickroll, as a practical joke, is light but essentially mean-spirited. When an ill-advised internet poll led to "Never Gonna Give You Up" playing during a New York Mets game, fans produced "a shower of boos," according to Major League Baseball's official website.

You don't want to be rickrolled. If the legislators did this for attention, I find it depressing they had little enough faith in their legislating, in the "bills" they were at pains to assure us "passed," as to assume they'd get more favorable notice for essentially flagellating themselves than for the actual work they do. So maybe it's not exactly a clear signpost on our politics' road to hell, but it's at least a symptom of our disillusionment with them.

DEAR PRETTY EYES

Submit questions for Pretty Eyes to oregonvoice@gmail.com. For emergencies, contact the Dear Pretty Eyes 24-hour crisis hotline: 503-975-2241.

wisdom **JOSH KENNETT**
photo **SREANG HOK**

Dear Pretty Eyes,

Here's a two-parter:

1. All I ever do is fuck, fight and screw. Isn't that what we're supposed to do?

2. I keep falling in love with unattainable women. Those with great affection for me do nothing in terms of erotic engagement and although don't bore me entirely, the feelings are far from mutual. When I fall, I drop like a stone and am usually eaten alive by some vixen who will forget about me the moment after she devours my carcass. Nor will she listen to the mix I spent lonely nights tossing and turning perfecting the track-list over. I just want to love someone who loves me back, what do I do?

-Simulated Ant

Dear SA,

1. First of all, fucking and screwing is the same thing. Second of all, if you are talking about human instincts then yes, we have a drive to reproduce. Whether or not fighting is instinctual is still debated by scientists today. We do have something most fighting mammals do not, the ability to resolve problems without violence. Seems like you need to work on communicating your thoughts and feelings.

2. Well, do you mean those with great affection for you are not physically attractive or that they do not psychologically tempt you? If you are bored by someone simply because they reciprocate your feelings towards them then you are obviously sabotaging yourself from ever falling in love. It seems you love certain individuals precisely because they are unattainable and do not love you back. It seems you feel safer loving these types of women rather than having an actual relationship. Maybe you do not love yourself so when someone loves you back you retreat in disgust and distrust. You are setting yourself up to never win the game you created in your mind. Or, if you have just not found someone to your liking that likes you as well then maybe you should pursue women who are interested in people like you, whoever you may be. If you like monster trucks and you go to the opera house, chances are you will not find a good match for you. Or, maybe you surround yourself in an environment that is not privy to exclusive relationships or open affection. Maybe you surround yourself with apathetic nihilists hoping to strike up something meaningful with them. Maybe you go to concerts or parties hoping to meet someone. These are precisely the places that you will just be a face and a fading memory. You need to get a job where your coworkers are women. This would be a far better chance to develop something real. Also, do not view the world based on your identity. Your identity is a social construct. If you are attached to feeling heartbroken because that is part of your identity, then you will be heartbroken forever. Let go of the depressing sentimental songs. Listen to some Reggae, R&B, or Motown, like Otis Rush, Otis Redding, The Temptations, Big Youth, or Dillinger. You must first enjoy being just with yourself before you can be happy with a serious relationship. You must also find friends that make you feel emotionally satisfied and at ease. If you can laugh your head off with friends that respect you and each other there is no immediate need for endless dame chasing. You must build a pyramid of bliss: at the foundation you are in blissful solitude, above that you can build platonic relationships, and above that is romance, from OM to BROMANCE to ROMANCE. Good luck.

P.S. - Vixens are animals. To them music is nothing more than something to dance and have sex to.

photos **COURTNEY HENDRICKS**

The OV's BRETT SISUN, expert on all things Ludacris, examines "ROLLOUT"

In the chaotic lifestyle of the southern gangster rapper there is a multitude of themes and images that spark the imagination: hoards of bouncing purple low-riders, glistening neck-chains laden with priceless jewels, and "booty-hoes" dancing pool side for indiscriminate periods of time. Ludacris' "Rollout" is no exception, in fact, the Grammy-nominated 2001 classic stands as a monument to this lifestyle. But at times it can be hard to understand what Ludacris is really trying to communicate. What is all this talk about "biznass"? How does his glock have a twin? And most importantly, what is in that bag? Here we will take some time to try and break down, verse by verse, a lyrical interpretation of "Rollout."

In the opening chorus, our narrator Luda introduces us to the main thematic element of the song through the repeated chanting of the phrase "rollout." Intertwined in this we understand that he has "twin glock .40s," and that he is "rolling on 20s." I will interpret "rolling out" as a form of masculine assertion for Ludacris: the "twin glocks that are "cocked back" (that is two guns, loaded) are heavy with phallic implications. The 20s that he rolls upon refer to the size of his car wheel, 20 inches being larger than the standard diameter of an automotive wheel. In many ways Ludacris is telling us simply that when he is "rolling out" he is on a testosterone driven man rage and that he should not, under any circumstances, be fucked with.

In verse one, Ludacris begins addressing a third party about his various gangster-related possessions. He refers to a platinum diamond chain, a Mercedes-Benz with tinted windows, and girls with whom the third party is enjoying a car ride with. Suddenly, Luda breaks off into a lyrical tirade, proclaiming himself as having "nothing to prove" and having "paid his dues." It becomes obvious, with only a few listens, that Ludacris is addressing himself as the third party, in absolute astonishment of his own material conquests. He asks himself another question in the third person about a "weedman" (a peddler of drug goods, possibly a shaman). He confuses us for a moment, asking "what is in that bag?" As it turns out, it is not weed, which usually comes in bag form. It is a couple of cans of "whoop ass," which is a canned form of violence.

Ludacris continues the ask-myself-this-question format in verses two and three beginning with the addressing of a car purchase (we assume the Mercedes). He also brings up the possibility of a pair of eyes on his own back, which must have been evolved to stare at or protect his money that is "to the ceiling" (possibly a room full of money?).

At this point in time, I have no conclusive interpretation of the line "the bigger the cap, the bigger the peeling." Perhaps it has something to do with orange soda, but we may never know. At the lyrical climax of the song, Ludacris brings attention to the "buck-naked cook fixing three course meals," whose "getting goose bumps when her body tap the six inch heels." It seems that Ludacris has ascertained a woman-slave whom he has stripped naked of everything but shoes, and that she is freezing while trying to cook him meals. This line should call into question some domestic issues regarding Ludacris's love life.

In verse three we find more of the same, though he goes into greater detail about the car by revealing that there is a PlayStation 2 inside, a video game relic from the early 2000s. There is also talk about a housekeeper (though this time not naked) and we learn also that his mouth is full of diamonds and gold.

Wrapping up it up, we see a concrete pattern emerge. Ludacris is simply in awe of what he has attained: cars, diamonds, women, cooks, housekeepers, guns, money, and weed. He is in such awe that he must ask himself over and over to assure their reality. He reminds us that these possessions, which he refers to as his "biznass," are powerful and that we should stay away from him during his rolling out, lest we fall victim to his feral gangsta rampage. Take a lesson from Luda: The next time someone's up in your "biznass" tell them to "stay the fuck up" and then, swiftly, roll out.

ORIGINAL LYRICS TO LUDACRIS' "ROLL OUT"

Roll out! Roll out! Roll out! Roll out! [Chorus]/I got my twin glock .40s, cocked back/Me and my homies, so drop that/We rollin' on 20s/with the top back/So much money, you can't stop that/Twin glock .40s, cocked back/Me and my homies, so drop that/We rollin' on twenties, with the top back/So much money, you can't stop that/Now where'd you get that platinum chain with them diamonds in it?/Where'd you get that matchin' Benz with them windows tinted?/Who them girls you be with when you be ridin' through?/Man I ain't got nothin to prove, I paid my dues/Breakin' the rules, I shake fools while I'm takin' a cruise/Tell me who's your weed man, how do you smoke so good?/You's a superstar boy, why you still up in the hood?/What in the world is in that BAG, what you got in that BAG?/A couple a cans a whoop ass, you did a good ass job of just eyein' me, spyin' me/[Chorus]/Man, that car don't come out until next year, where in the fuck did you get it?/That's eighty-thousand bucks GONE, where in the fuck did you spend it?/You must have eyes on your back, 'cause you got money to the ceiling/And the bigger the cap, the bigger the peelin'/The better I'm feelin', the more that I'm chillin'/Winnin', drillin' and killin' the feelin'/Now who's that bucked-naked cook fixin three-course meals?/Gettin goosebumps when her body tap the six inch heels/What in the world is in that ROOM, what you got in that ROOM?/A couple a gats, a couple a knives, a couple of rats, a couple of wives/Now it's time to choose/[Chorus]/Are you custom-made, custom-paid, or you just custom-fitted?/Playstation 2 up in the ride and is that Lorenzo-kitted?/Is that your wife, your girlfriend or just your main bitch?/You take a pick, while I'm rubbin the hips, touchin lips to the top of the dick and then whewwww!/Now tell me who's your housekeeper and what you keep in your house?/What about diamonds and gold, is that what you keep in your mouth?/What in the world is in that CASE, what you got in that CASE?/Get up out my face, you couldn't relate, wait to take place at a similar pace/So shake, shake it/[(Chorus) 1/2x]/Get out my business, my biznass/Stay the fuck up out my biznass, ah/'Cause these niggas all up in my shit and it's my business, my biznass/'Cause these niggas all up in my shit [fade]

STAND ON THE RUN

Springfield's Devour has perfected art of the sandwich

words **LUCY OHLSEN**
art **BIANCA SMITH**

Sandwiches are notoriously boring in my mind. Bread with stuff jammed inside of it. Perhaps my boredom is enhanced because of my vegetarian tendencies and general lack of sandwich options. But even when I look at the other carnivorous varieties, I find nothing special. Something you eat just to eat. Something your mom made so you wouldn't collapse after recess from a lack of calories.

Devour Food Cart just effectively demolished my previous conception of the sandwich. I ordered their vegetarian sandwich of the week, the Queso and Peppers. It can hardly be divided into components, the way they all blended together in blissful harmony. The bread was so far from the average sandwich carrier that I'm pretty sure it should be classified as a different species. Toasted golden brown edges give your teeth something to latch on to as they sink into cheesy, buttery heaven. The sandwich is fairly thin, so there's no awkwardness trying to wrap an ordinary shaped mouth around it.

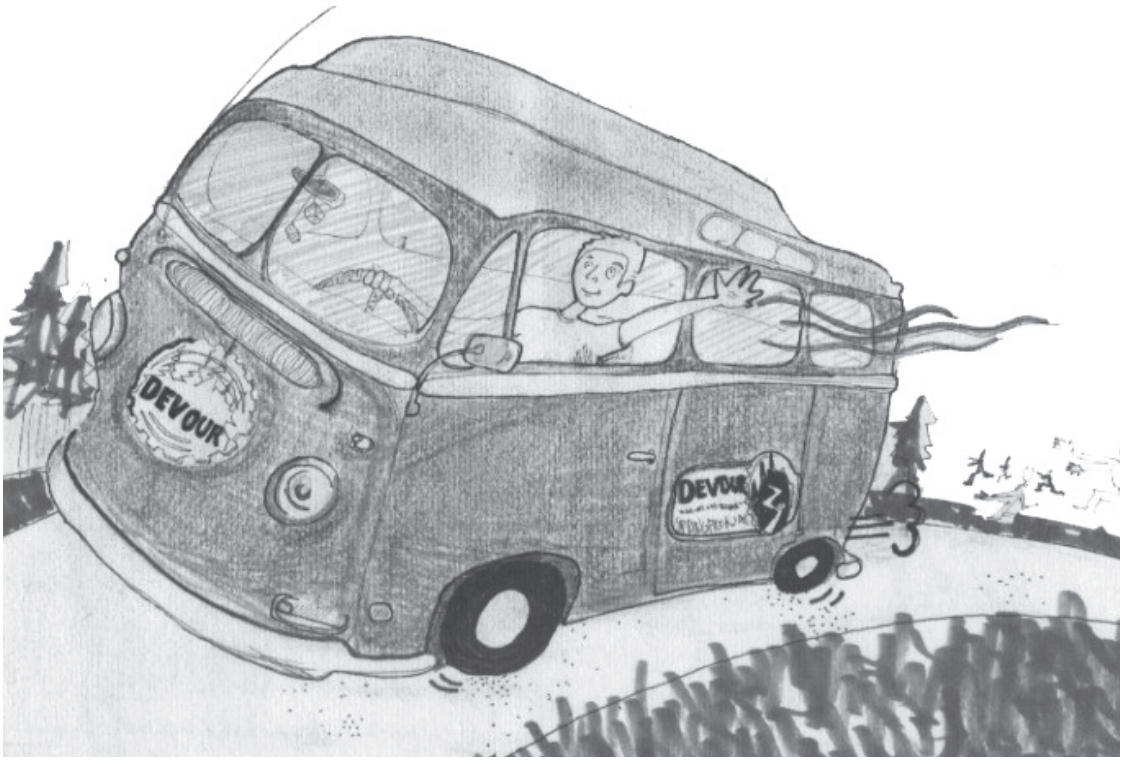
The filling wasn't mere filler, either. The cheese was so perfectly gooey that I hesitated to take breaths in between bites, for fear that the perfect texture would fade into oblivion. The orange bell peppers and onions were soft, and retained a warm and buttery taste that complimented the slightly spicy spread that had woven in with the cheese. No flavor overpowered another, and yet blandness didn't even enter the words and emotions swirling around in my head. The teasingly close to caramelized onions were in utter peace among their loving bread mothers and cheese brothers as they descended into the pit of my stomach.

For some reason, I was also chosen to receive a small cup of curried tomato soup to accompany my sandwich. Tomato soup instills a small fear in me because of the inevitable variability of the tomato. Variability often forces chefs to use canned, consistent tomatoes, that always end up tasting a little … canned. When I popped off the lid of my little white bowl, though, what entered my nose made my vision blur. The first whiff I took was of the rich coconut milk, followed microseconds later by waves of a spicy curry mixture. The soup was almost better than the sandwich, but the two are too high up on the scale to distinguish a clear winner. The best solution is to choose them both.

I got my sandwich at the Devour Café, and I was a little bummed that I don't have a business so I couldn't order a luncheon and have them deliver sandwiches from the Devour VW bus. The bus was parked right outside the café, though, so I was able to pretend that they had rolled to me, rather than me having rolled to them. In the end everything was golden; rolling to the café was a surprisingly sweet bike ride, and the reward at the end of the venture was heavenly. Plus, the workers won me over with their counter presence and appreciation expressed in the form of complimentary soup.

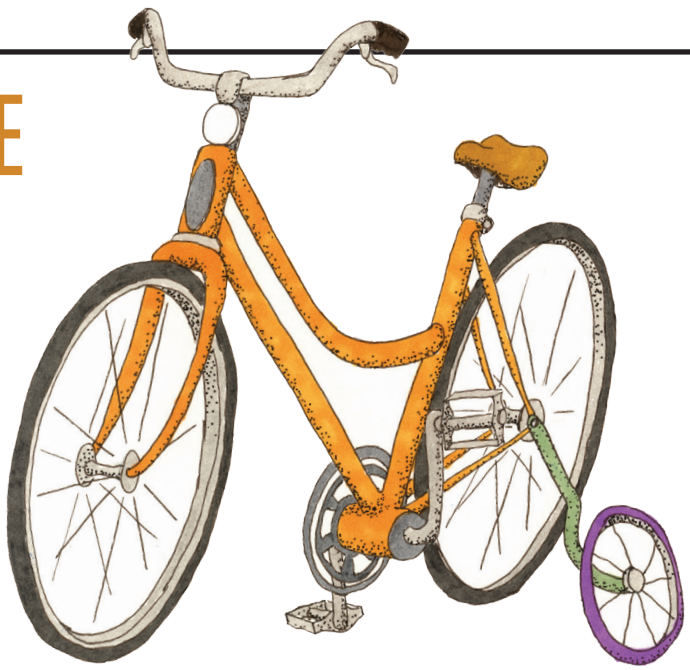
Every week Devour offers three varieties of sandwiches: two meat and one vegetarian. They also feature a different soup every week. To get the bus to deliver to you, you have to set up your order a week in advance. Otherwise, you can get their sandwiches at their café on Olympic Avenue in Springfield, or pick one up at Global Delights or Eugene Coffee Company in Eugene. Follow them on Twitter or Facebook for the most updated sandwich availability and tantalizing sandwich flavor updates.

If Devour can make a vegetarian sandwich that makes me my heart melt like butter on a biscuit, I can't imagine how they could fail at anything at all.



THIRD WHEEL ETIQUETTE

words **MAGGIE APPEL**
art **TAYLOR JOHNSTON**



As you ride down relationship lane on your rickety bicycle of love and/or alcohol-induced hook-ups that will probably crash and burn in a few months, it is important to acknowledge the drastically different smell in the air when your two-wheeled sex machine temporarily becomes a tricycle of friendship. That smell often requires a change in behavior from couples, as well as a heightened sense of judgment from the always-welcome "third wheel." Making this adjustment seems simple enough, yes? No. While the tricycle is certainly capable of rolling along smoothly, it can quickly go careening off into a ditch if one or more wheels fail to participate appropriately. For this reason, I have listed a few simple guidelines below to ensure that three truly remains company.

IF YOU'RE THE THIRD:

- Don't ignore your position as third wheel — embrace it! You can be the light at the end of the awkward silence tunnel.
- Avoid laptop movie nights.
- Don't wear out your welcome just because you're bored tonight — is it getting late? If so, go the fuck home.
- Maybe don't mention any past sexual encounters with either of the other wheels.
- It's always OK to fart.
- Don't be afraid to voice your objections to excessive PDA — and never, by any means, put up with baby talk. In fact, reconsider your friendship with these people if public baby talk should come about.
- Should your couple quarrel, don't try to be some kind of mediator. Comedic chime-ins are welcome and mood-softening, however.
- Avoid theme park or carnival dates, as most rides cater to groups of two. Carnies will be quick to heckle you, and you don't want get stuck on the Ferris wheel with any "theme park loners."
- Calling shotgun is acceptable.

IF YOU'RE GETTING LAID:

- Be honest, not polite. If you don't want a third wheel (no matter how pathetically they look at you and say "Thai food, huh?"), gently tell them it's a date through and through.
- Your third wheel should feel welcome — regardless of how infatuated you may be. You're an adult now, and too much hand-holding and/or embracing makes everyone want to vomit.
- Never invite another available individual along as some kind of "set up" for your third wheel unless they have done a thorough Facebook study of the suitor and give their approval.
- Don't let topics of conversation constantly revolve around your relationship.
- Restaurant table position is often important. If possible, opt for a round table. If seated at a four-person rectangle, the couple should sit on the same side. Not for easy access purposes, but this way both of you have your attention on the third while easily communicating with each other as well.
- As mentioned above, baby talk is not permitted in the presence of the third wheel or other living creatures.

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Mali's Festifal au Desert

words **JORDAN CHESNUT**
art **MEAGHAN LARKIN**

THE WORLD'S HOTTEST MUSIC FEST

Nature plus music equals something delicious, like candy. If music festivals had a flavor, it would be insanely sweet — layered in chocolate, and filled with unnameable red fruit syrup. It's no surprise so many of us flock to them year after year. As Sasquatch Music Festival nears, many Northwesterners prepare by packing body paint and a fresh pair of jorts and mapping out the route to the Columbia Gorge. Meanwhile, in Western Africa, deep in the vast sand stretches of the Sahara Desert a new kind of festival has sprouted up.

The Festival au Desert in Mali, Africa, is the hardest-to-reach music festival in the world. Every January camels lug thousands of international concert-goers, native Malians, and nomadic Touregs to the rural and isolated village of Essakane.

The event was created in 2000 to mimic the traditional song-and-dance gatherings of the local Tomashek people. Today, performers include Malian artists like the blind couple Amadou and Miriam and Afro-Blues musician Ali Farka Toure. Robert Plant and Deakin (Joshua Dibb from Animal Collective) have also made appearances in the past.

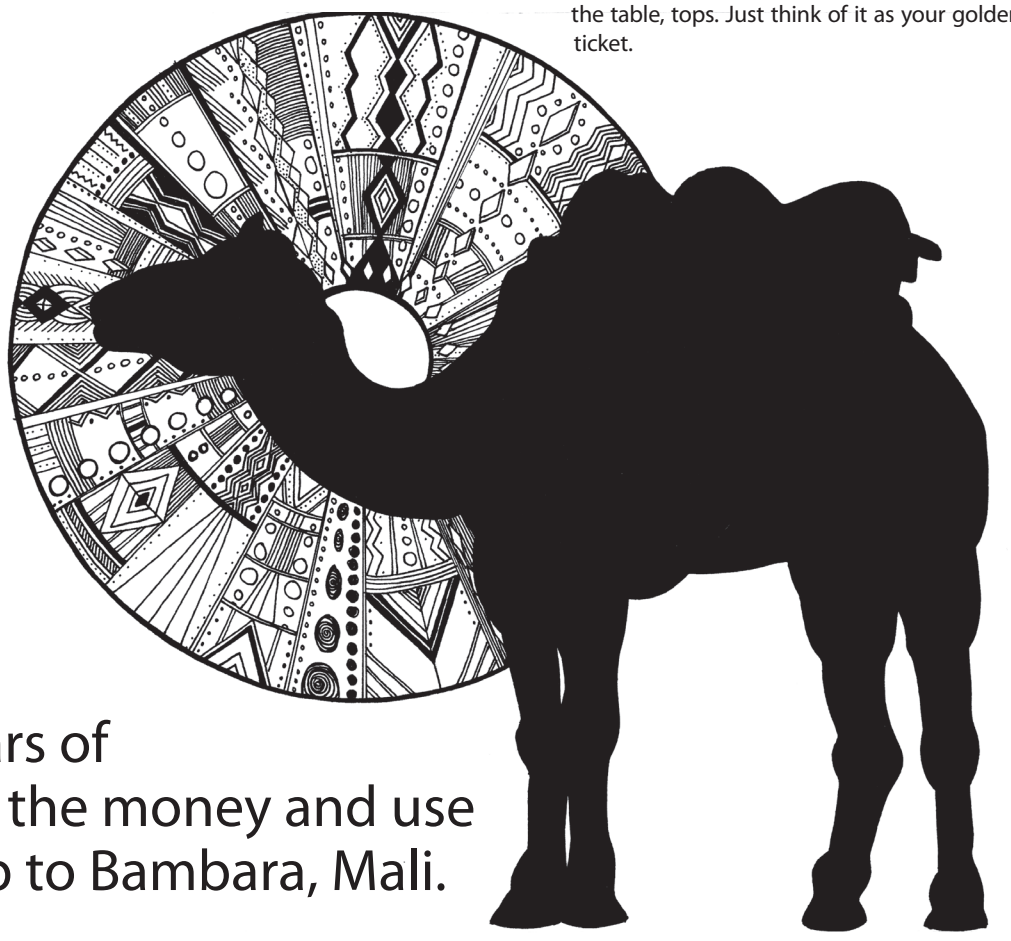
Just like some of our favorite sweet treats, "There are many layers to the Festival au Desert," remarks International Studies graduate student Amanda Montague. "The music performances don't even scratch the surface."

Nestled in the sand dunes are two fully equipped stages, hundreds of canvas and tapestry tents, and a market square. Packs of loitering camels loom over impromptu dances and "dogon" musical gatherings. Natives organize weddings outside the campsites or assemble at the top of a dune for a political discussion. Conferences on Millennium Development Goals are held inside tents, while some listen to campaign speeches, or receive HIV vaccinations from one of the many visiting NGOs. Roaming through all of this are Malians, Tauregs, Europeans, and Americans fully clad in "boubous" (robes) and "cheches" (turbans).

Travel-savvy Westerners might worry: Do the swarms of sunscreen-coated tourists water down the local way of life? As Montague explains, our emigration has the opposite effect: "When other cultural groups like ours go to Mali for this festival, young Tauregs take more pride in their own culture — it makes it cool to them, and they are more willing to embrace and preserve Taureg traditional customs."

Of course, multi-cultural minglin' is inevitable as soon as the desert night dancing picks up. "If there is any trace of tension between groups, it is shed as soon as the music begins," comments Montague.

Intrigued? Maybe instead of going to the next sixteen years of Sasquatch, save the money and use it for a plane trip to Bambara, Mali. The cheaper alternative, an illegal cargo ship or submarine, is probably only 200 bucks under the table, tops. Just think of it as your golden ticket.



Maybe instead of going to the next sixteen years of Sasquatch, save the money and use it for a plane trip to Bambara, Mali.

FEMME-OLITION DERBY

Emerald City Roller Girls tear up the flat track

words **MAGGIE APPEL**
art **JULIAN WATTS**

From annoying children on Heelys to the haunting rollers in Return To Oz, people on wheels have proven themselves nothing short of mesmerizing in any setting. Knowing this, my attention naturally gravitated to the 2007 documentary *Hell On Wheels*, which Netflix so kindly "recommended for me." The documentary focuses on the all-girl roller derby league formed in 2001 by a group of Texas women, who struggled to stay organized but ultimately launched a nation-wide resurrection of the sport that has now grown to over 450 flat track roller derby leagues, including the Emerald City Roller Girls of Eugene (ECRG).

While my Netflix streaming life does not often affect my actual life, this time I was motivated to break out of the 13x9" confines of my laptop and shell out a few bucks to enjoy some live roller derby. I attended a sold out derby bout (a game of roller derby; rhymes with "sold out") clutching an overpriced beer and prepping my ass for hours of bleacher love.

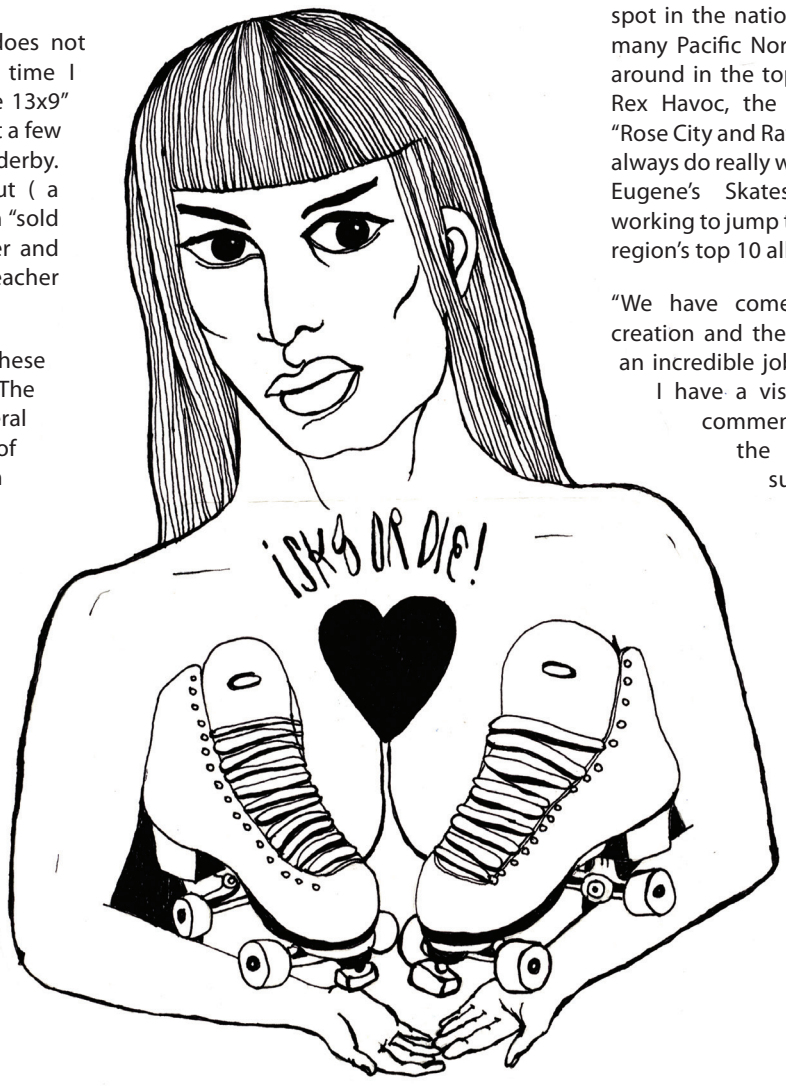
I think it goes without saying that these women eat Heelys for breakfast. The game basically consists of several "jams" in which there is a pack of eight blockers (players from each team make up the pack), and one "jammer" (super bad ass bitch) from each team skates through the pack and attempts to make her way through the hips, shoulders, and asses trying to prevent their success. Points are earned every time the jammer legally passes a blocker of the opposing team — they accomplish this through crafty strategic skating, including the always-impressive 360-degree turn, or the achievement of getting mad air and hopping over fish-netted thighs, which looks really fucking hard.

Numb ass cheeks aside, live derby was far from disappointing, and I couldn't help but be impressed with how well the ECRG has developed since its beginnings in 2006. With the few remaining brain cells my many cups of Coors Light had not washed away for the evening, I wondered — who are these babes of badassery, and how did they manage to create this sanctuary of skate for themselves?

Ironically enough, the ECRG started as a knitting circle known as "Stitch n' Bitch," who expressed an interest in the sport between scarves and organized a group outing to watch the Rose City Rollers of Portland in a bout.

"From that moment, we decided we weren't interested in spectating," recalls Kara "Burnadeath" Penniman, one of the league's founders.

The gals quickly began approaching local tattooed women who looked like they could handle a skate to the crotch. Through the magic of town gossip and Craigslist, weekly Skate World meetings grew into packed sessions with hired trainers, and it became clear that their new organization was a potential business opportunity.



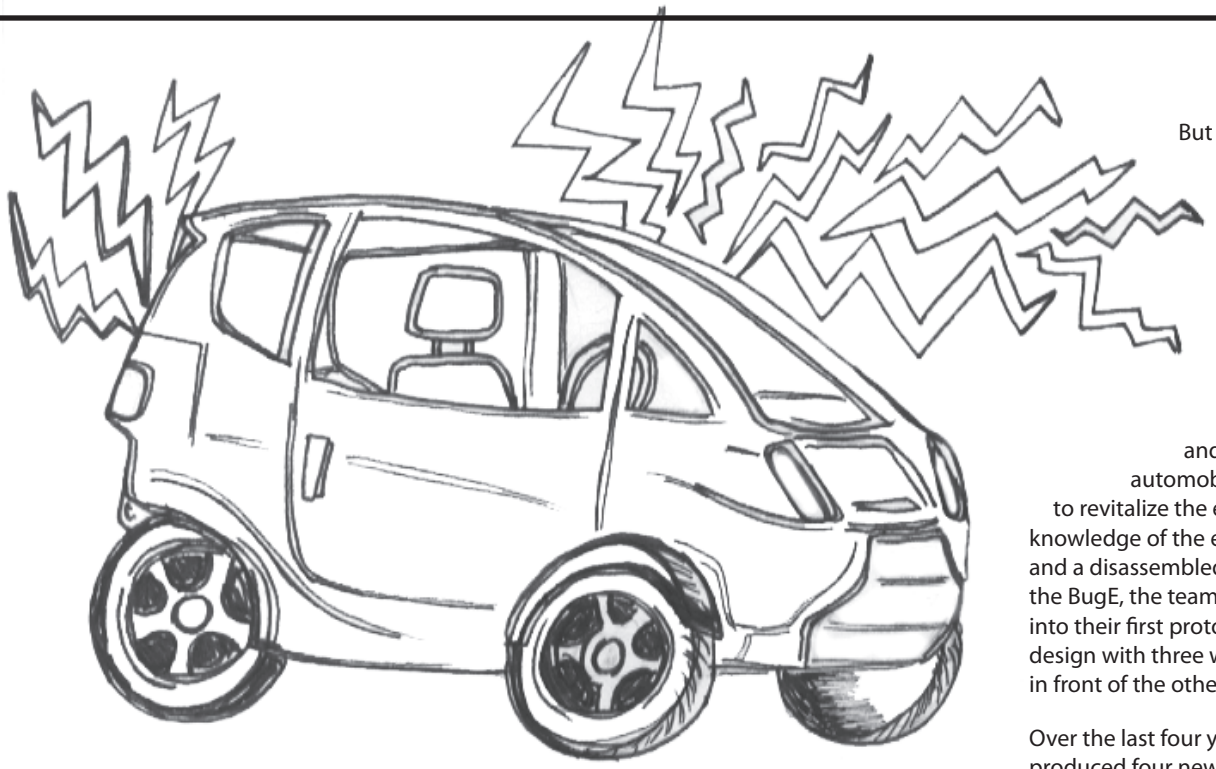
"We wanted to keep relationships with community people, but not sell our soul. We wanted to keep it non-profit and not owned by some guy somewhere," said Burnadeath. The roller girls turned down offers to partner with Skate World and other businesses, and they remain skater-owned and operated today.

The ECRG consists of three teams: Andromedolls, Flat Track Furies, and Church of Sk8in. Of these three teams there is one "all-star" team, the Skatesaphrenics, who attend regional competitions governed by the WFTDA (Women's Flat Track Derby Association). Regional qualifiers head to nationals, epic championship, etc.

"Currently the Western Region has the #1 spot in the nation on lock down. There are many Pacific Northwest leagues that move around in the top five," explained roller girl Rex Havoc, the ECRG's current president. "Rose City and Rat City (Seattle), for example, always do really well at regionals," she added. Eugene's Skatesaphrenics are currently working to jump through the rankings to the region's top 10 all-star teams.

"We have come a long way since our creation and the presidents before me did an incredible job creating this league, and I have a vision for keeping it going," commented President Havoc on the league's ever-growing success. "We're all working hard at the common goal of raising awareness of roller derby as a respected sport."

And who couldn't respect a sport in which a pun-tastic, power-encompassing name is a requirement of every skater? My top 5 favorite ECRG skater names: Assista Suicide, Lady Lumps, RePsycho, Swiss Miss Conduct, and Thumper Biscuit.



ARCIMOTO

Who resurrected the electric car?

words **BEN STONE**

art **MEAGHAN LARKIN**

When Eugene inventor Mark Frohnmayer began shopping around for a new car in 2007, he didn't find what he was looking for. He wanted something with the small footprint of a bicycle, but the convenience and range of a car. But in the status quo of the American auto industry, his dream car was nowhere to be found. Frohnmayer is trying to change that. Later in 2007 he launched an electric car company called Arcimoto and on April 23 of this year publicly unveiled his three-wheeled swamp creature of a vehicle.

When I sat down with Frohnmayer, he was busying himself with emails and some smelly Thai noodles. I asked him how much time he had, and he took a moment to chew and swallow.

"Not a lot," he said with a smile.

Frohnmayer is a tall man with thin-rimmed eyeglasses and deep vocal inflections like a classical music radio announcer. Growing up here in Eugene, he developed an early love for complex machines.

"My parents got a computer when I was seven years old and I basically just started spending all my time on it, learning how to program, and for a long time I thought games were really the only worthwhile thing to pursue in the computer space."

After graduating from UC Berkeley with a degree in Electrical Engineering and Computer Science, he spent a decade in the computer game industry and started his own company called GarageGames. In 2007, he transitioned out of GarageGames to focus on a more tangible industry: transportation.

"I look at the transportation system we have now, and it is so egregiously over-consumptive and over capacity," said Frohnmayer. "You stand on a busy street corner and you see empty vehicles going by… [And they] take up so much space."

In the past, the mass development of electric battery technology for smaller, cleaner vehicles was hampered by wandering corporate interest in products like huge SUVs.

"A number of different technologies have been squashed by organizations that owned those technologies that really had no vested interest in seeing them come to fruition," Frohnmayer told me.

For example, GM built the EV1 electric car in the '90s after the Air Resources Board in California set a zero-emission vehicle mandate, according to the *Los Angeles Times*. But in 2002, GM successfully lobbied California to loosen its emission standards. They soon shut down the EV1 program and destroyed all 2,500 EV1s they had produced.

In 2007, Frohnmayer and his skilled crew of automobile technicians set out to revitalize the electric car. Using their knowledge of the electric General Motors EV and a disassembled automobile kit known as the BugE, the team at Arcimoto assembled it into their first prototype: a compact, skeletal design with three wheels and two seats, one in front of the other.

Over the last four years, Arcimoto has produced four new "generations" of these cars, each subsequent vehicle modifying the efficiency, size, and design of the previous one. Their fifth generation vehicle, the mysteriously titled Red 5, is their most efficient and badass creation yet. These cars will cost $17,500, have an enclosed, teardrop-shaped design, a range of 50 miles given a six- to eight-hour charge, and do not contain a drop of gasoline. If, say, you pay $3 per gallon of gas and you drive 25 miles per day in a 24 MPG car, driving an Arcimoto car instead could save you about $960 per year. For Arcimoto to be truly effective, however, it will have to expand beyond Eugene.

"Scale is definitely the goal of the company," Frohnmayer says, "The mission of Arcimoto is sustainable transportation. That really only happens when it's actually successful at doing what it's doing, which is putting a bunch of vehicles out on the road that are much more efficient."

It's a long road ahead for Arcimoto. But Mark Frohnmayer is staying calm. Because he knows that Eugene is "right in the middle of the next generation transportation market place." He knows that electric cars are the most efficient and moral way to move us around. Soon small electric car companies will slap some sense into the incompetent car company leadership and revolutionize the industry, he told me with noodles still dangling from his fork. "You might call it tail-wagging an enormous dog, but, you know, we're just getting started."

IN

words **ANDREA SALYER**
art **TAYLOR JOHNSTON**

CAHOOTS

With White Bird Clinic's Rolling Crisis Intervention Team

Say your friend is having a drug-induced freak-out: pants down, masturbating while fingering his asshole. You're at a concert, everyone's gawking at you, and you have no idea what to do. You are intoxicated, maybe in more ways than one, and you're afraid to deal with the police because you don't want to get yourself or your friend arrested. But something needs to make your friend put his pants on and make him realize public masturbation is kind of wack.

A lot of us have been in a situation where something goes terribly awry and no one wants to talk to a police officer. Or maybe some of us have been in a personal crisis; confused about what to do, where to go, and who to talk to. There are, fortunately, a host of support services in Eugene that attempt to meet an array of social needs. But one program stands out as not only innovative, but possibly revolutionary.

The White Bird Clinic is a Eugene-based nonprofit that provides a slew of social services, most free of charge. Everything from dental work, to acupuncture, to counseling, to drug treatment; they do it all. But one of their most unique services is CAHOOTS, or Crisis Assistance Helping Out On The Streets. You know those times when you see organizations that create really ridiculous acronyms to fulfill some sort of clever itch they've been aching to scratch but have nothing to do with what they are actually selling? Well this is not one of those times. This is one of those times where you're like, damn, I wish I had an acronym for the meaning of my life that might be half as cool as that.

CAHOOTS is a branch of White Bird that sends out vans from 11 a.m. to 3 a.m. to assist the homeless, mentally ill, and intoxicated citizens of Eugene. Each van has a mental health worker and an emergency medical technician, who dispatch through the Eugene Police Department. If you call the police, ask for CAHOOTS, or you can call (541) 682-5111 to contact them directly, and they'll come to you, free of charge, with medical and mental services. As long as it doesn't get violent, you don't have to talk to cops.

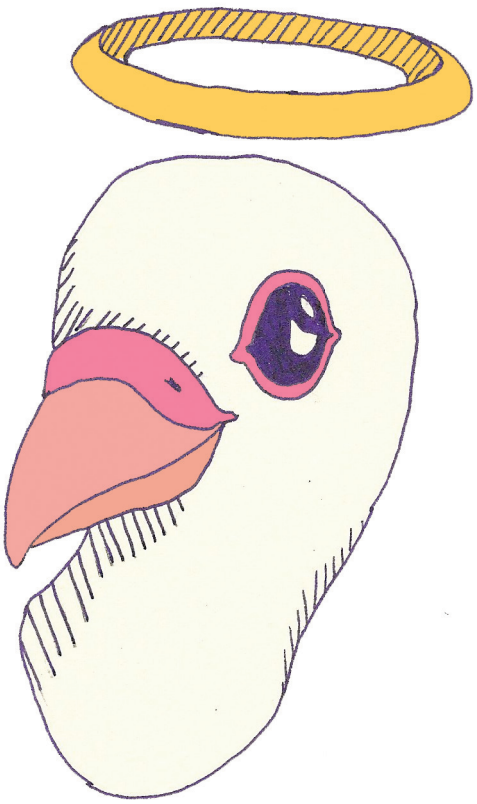
They would probably deal with your friend's freak-out by taking him to a crisis shelter for the night if he consented, where he'd get a bed and whatever else he needed to make it through the night. And you, not being in crisis, but still pretty faded, could come with or go home. Just to clarify, this is a true story. There was actually someone masturbating and fingering his asshole at a Further concert last summer at the Cuthbert and CAHOOTS had to deal with him. Can we have a moment of silence for the courageous folks who take care of those awkward situations so we don't have to?

CAHOOTS' community-minded, compassionate care seems like an extension of why a lot of us move to Eugene in the first place. Eugene is one of the only towns in the country where a service like this is offered. The police benefit because they take many mental health and non-violent situations out of the system. And we benefit for the same reason. A lot of people go to jail for offenses that aren't treatable by time in a cell; they need focused treatment, a hug, or an ear.

Without CAHOOTS, the city would spend much more money on police departments as opposed to social services. But in Eugene the police department has a contract with CAHOOTS, gives its full support, and both parties benefit from the partnership.

In talking with a CAHOOTS employee, I gathered this wasn't an easy job. There isn't a very good way to deal with a lot of the stuff you see, no matter how much debriefing takes place. But they keep coming back because there is a larger social experiment at work that seems worth devoting oneself to: This service is an example of community members reaching out to people in need without judgment, without force, without any preconceived notions about what this person is or isn't worth. They just listen, offer their support, and suggest what seems like a good next step. Can you imagine if we all treated our homeless in this manor? By acting as a community member, CAHOOTS is taking care of people no one else wants to deal with, and they're preventing them from slipping into the legal system where they get a stamp on their forehead that reads "criminal." And that label doesn't wash off very easily.

So take a lesson from these budding teachers of our social possibilities and at least wonder for a moment what it would look like if everyone took the same initiative in their own way, put an end to apathy, and reached out.



WHERE WE'RE GOING, WE DON'T NEED ROADS

BUT BIKE PATHS WOULD BE NICE

words **NOAH DEWITT**
photos **SREANG HOK**

On a sunny autumn morning in 2006, Michal Young pedaled his Trek 5200 bicycle north on Alder Street. At 18th Avenue, he stopped at a red light. An Associate Professor of computer science, Young was on his way to teach a lesson in software methodology, but that morning he ended up learning a lesson in physics: Two objects cannot occupy the same space at the same time.

When red turned green, Young continued north, while a southbound driver, unaware of the "Except Bicycles" clause of the intersection's "Do Not Enter" signs, turned left onto 18th without looking for oncoming cyclists. The driver's-side corner of the small SUV knocked Young to the street. Fork bent, head tube damaged, front wheel "tacoed," and collarbone broken, Young was taken by ambulance to the hospital.

In the urban ecosystem, bikes and cars are two species that can't seem to co-exist. With limited space on city streets, clashes are inevitable. Horns get honked. Doors get keyed. Cyclists get told to "get off the road, idiot!" And once in a while, the two-wheeled and the four-wheeled physically collide, often leaving the non-motorized party pissed off, hurt, or dead. Luckily, the car that hit Young was moving at a very slow speed, and his helmet kept his head

uninjured. Although he continues to bike for both transportation and recreation, many people are discouraged by the threat of an accident like his.

Over the past few years, the city of Eugene, in its finite wisdom, has launched projects, plans, and committees to better protect those who ride and to encourage others to lay down their steering wheels and take up the handlebars. But according to Eugene bike planners, the city's efforts, as progressive as they may sound, aren't going to lead us to Bike-topia.

In June 2010 the city began the protracted process of updating the Pedestrian and Bicycle Master Plan, a list of infrastructure projects the City Council hopes to execute over the next 20 years that will make cycling a safer, more convenient option. Once passed, it's just a matter of going down the list, finding funds, and adding a bike lane here, a shared lane marking there, to make Eugene's network of bike facilities bigger and more connected.

With the Ped/Bike Plan update nearing completion and a number of bikeway improvements slated for this summer, things are looking up for cyclists in Eugene. But support for these bike-friendly initiatives isn't unanimous. Many Eugene commuters are left wondering why upping bikability is worthy of tax dollars.

There are hella reasons, said Marc Schlossberg, Associate Director of the UO's Sustainable Cities Initiative and professor of planning, public policy, and management. "First, nobody wants to drive more than they already do. Second, we have a big climate crisis, and bicycling more reduces our CO2 emissions. Third, we have an obesity problem and increasing our physical activity would help. Fourth, biking is less socially isolating. And fifth, it's fun."

But by American standards, Eugene is already a city of cyclists; around 11 percent of residents get to work by bike, which gives Eugene the highest bicycle mode share of any city its size in the nation, according to the U.S. Census Bureau's 2009 community survey. But if we widen our scope and compare Eugene to the European standard, we see that 11 percent is nothing to brag about. In Amsterdam, Netherlands, a city of more than 1 million people, bicycling accounts for 38 percent of all trips. Eugene has room to elevate its game.

"Not every European city is bike-friendly," Schlossberg told me. "Amsterdam and Copenhagen made bike-friendly policy decisions to create their bike infrastructure." The Dutch and the Danish employed traffic-calming features like roundabouts and separated bikeways (guarded by a physical barrier) to make driving annoying and cycling enjoyable. Cut to the USA, where a line of paint is all that stands between the Humvee and the Huffy. The American approach to increasing bike safety (wear a helmet) doesn't seem to be working. The U.S.'s cyclist mortality rate is five times that of the Netherlands, according to data compiled by Rutgers University transportation planning scholar John Pucher. Can we learn from our Dutch bros?

People who aren't big on biking might wonder if pro-bike planners like Schlossberg are trying to force-feed cycling to the public. *Take your medicine. Ride a bike. It's good for you.* But Schlossberg says that's not true. At least not yet.

"I firmly believe that there are more people that would like to walk or bike than can currently do so," he told me. "There's a public demand that isn't being met. So that's my starting point."

As the city of Los Angeles illustrates, a certain percentage of people ride bikes no matter how underdeveloped the infrasrtucture; for these riders, no intersection is too gnarly. Another percentage will always opt to drive, walk, or bus, whether out of laziness or the memory of a traumatic childhood crash. But the majority of people are conditional riders. They feel vulnerable on a dodgy bike lane (like the northbound contraflow lane on Alder Street), but totally at home when cruising on a separated bike facility (like the River Path). For the most part, the Ped/Bike Plan will create more of what we already have: painted lanes on the side of the road.

"Bike lanes aren't the end-all. They shouldn't be our overall goal," said Ted Sweeney, University senior, Coordinator of the UO Bike Program, and volunteer on two committees that advise the city on bike infrastructure decisions. "We need to start building a different kind of bike infrastructure: separated facilities. Either there's a barrier or a section of road, something that makes you feel separated from automobile traffic because that's what it takes to get the other 30 percent of people out there riding bikes."

This summer, one type of separated bike facility will be making its Eugene debut. The bike lanes that currently straddle traffic on Alder will become a two-way cycletrack on the street's east side, stretching the corridor from 19th Avenue to the north side of Franklin Boulevard for easy River Path access. Unlike your run-of-the-mill bike lane, the cycletrack on Alder will be marked with "green thermoplastics" (think sidewalk paint) at high-traffic intersections, making it more visible to motorists. To be a true cycletrack, however, it will need to be guarded by a barrier or elevated slightly from the street, but these details are still being decided.

After the crash that broke his collarbone and totaled his bike, Michal Young changed the route of his commute to avoid the intersection of Alder and 18th. But when the Alder Street cycletrack is unveiled this summer and a stripe of lime green calls attention to the cyclist's path across 18th Avenue, he may find it safe to resume his old way.

To bike on the streets of Eugene, or any other American city, means to mingle unprotected with moving automobiles. A helmet can only do so much when you are struck by a 2-ton mass of steel moving at upwards of 20 mph. If the problem is that cars and bikes are occupying the same space at the same time, the solution is simple: give each one its own space. While Eugene's Bike-topian planners want nothing more than to give cyclists separated facilities, they are making necessary concessions to the car-centric status quo: baby steps in the right direction.

THE WAR ON HUGS

IS THIZZ WHAT IT IS? U.S. DRUG POLICY TAKES AIM ON MDMA.

words **TYLER PELL**
art **MARY HALL**

I.

If Reaganomics gave us the "Trickle Down Effect" then Drug Reaga-lation gave us, well, the "Trickle Down Effect." Traditionally, prohibitions have proven profitable for criminal enterprise (see Capone, Al). When Nancy Reagan's army outlawed MDMA (street name: Ecstasy) they didn't shore up the supply chain, but muddled it with middlemen.

"It's a worldwide industry… For the average rave or college level situation the MDMA has passed through from six to 12 different hands," explains Ometer, an O.G. in the truest sense. Ometer has spent much of the past thirty years supplying pharmaceutical-grade MDMA, LSD, and a host of other hallucinogens to therapists spanning the I-5 corridor and others lucky enough to be in his inner circle. "Any one of those twelve people could have cut it," Ometer warns.

Cutting it, in this context doesn't involve any blades, knives, sharp points, or even dancing. It's a method of dilution, combining the drug that's being sold with other less expensive, or lower quality, drugs. Results range from lame to lethal.

Here's how it works: Dude One, trying to obtain an illicit white-powder substance, calls Dude Two, also trying to acquire said substance. Dude Two calls Dude Three, who may or may not have taken it at the Bassnectar concert last month. Seven text messages later and Dude One has officially navigated the preliminary stage of illicit drug obtainment. In the near future, he will be standing awkwardly in the living room of the lowest person on the drug-dealing totem pole, being sold "thizz" by a kid with a flat-billed Athletics (registered trademark) hat. Poor dude.

Although the scenario described above is fictional, its implications are factual: the illicit drug supply chain is worthy of re-evaluation. Policies placing the responsibility of drug manufacture and distribution out of the hands of a regulated sector and into the hands of an underground black market free of oversight are pretty sketch. It begs the question: Are drugs illegal because they're dangerous, or are they dangerous because they are illegal?

II.

The year was 1912. The digital laser projector was still decades away from invention. House music wasn't even a genre yet — just a kind of music people listened to in their houses. But Merck, a German drug manufacturer, struck pharmaceutical gold. Synthesis of 3,4-Methylenedioxymethamphetamine (aka MDMA, Ecstasy, Molly, thizz), a synthetic chemical, came accidentally, a byproduct of a patented anticoagulant called Hydrastinine. MDMA can be derived from the sassafras tree, making it something of a distant cousin to root beer.

But 90 years after it was patented — 17 years after MDMA was classified as a Schedule I Narcotic — Dr. George Ricaurte confirmed much of the public's fears about the psychedelic amphetamine.

Ricaurte, the government's foremost expert on MDMA. found that a single recreational dose of MDMA could lead to permanent brain damage. Despite its euphoric effects, the drug was unfit for consumption.

Shortly after Ricaurte's $1.3 million study was published, Congress passed the RAVE Act, a bit of legislation aimed at extinguishing club drugs like Ecstasy and GHB by going after club owners who had "safe rooms" where bottled water and sports drinks were sold to pacify dangers of dehydration and hyperthermia (overheating), two universally acknowledged dangers associated with MDMA use.

As it turns out, Ricaurte didn't know what the fuck he was talking about. The 10 squirrel monkeys and baboons in his study (two of whom died instantly) hadn't been administered MDMA at all; they had all overdosed on Methamphetamine (you know, Meth?) The labels on the vials "were somehow switched" according to Ricaurte. The pre-eminent science journal, *Nature*, declared it "one of the more bizarre episodes in the history of drug research." Ricaurte's study was retracted in 2003, a year after it was published. The RAVE Act is still on the books.

III.

Though MDMA was patented in 1912, it's psychoactive properties remained sealed until 1967 — the year LSD was made illegal — when at the urging of one of his students, University of California Berkeley's Dr. Alexander Shulgin first fed himself a hearty serving of MDMA.

"I feel absolutely clean inside, and there is nothing but pure euphoria," Shulgin wrote after his first MDMA experience. "The cleanliness, clarity, and marvelous feeling of solid inner strength continued throughout the rest of the day and evening."

Word of MDMA quickly spread. Soon, therapists all over the Bay Area were prescribing MDMA for everything from post-traumatic stress disorder (PTSD) to couples counseling.

MDMA didn't remain sacred for long. Within 15 years, the drug now known as Ecstasy became the chemical representation of the fast-growing rave scene.

Nancy Reagan got fucking pissed.

The DEA quickly (bitch?) slapped MDMA with a Schedule I Substance tag. Legislatively speaking, these are drugs considered to have no medical use and a high potential for abuse. Historically speaking, the Schedule I designation has been a response to the discovery of substances incongruous with military efforts (i.e., drugs that aren't alcohol or tobacco).

The prohibition was ineffective. Recreational use of the drug skyrocketed; the legitimate research that MDMA was at the forefront of declined — but it didn't disappear.

"When the Feds stepped in, an underground network arose," Ometer explained. "A lot of psychiatrists didn't want to risk losing their licenses, but knew their patient could really use the journey. They would refer those patients to trained underground therapists willing to help. They'd fly in on a Friday, leave on a Sunday after three days of treatment, and that was for MDMA, LSD, you name it."

Ometer has spent much of his adult life answering what he considers a psychedelic calling. His academic connections allowed him access to the highest-quality pharmaceuticals; fascinated with the potential of psychoactives, he approaches distribution not just as a enriching opportunity, but as a spiritual responsibility and a calling." Think of him as Ken Kesey lite. His curiosity in psychoactives is fostered by the belief that experiencing and extracting information gathered during altered states of consciousness has been a key factor in shaping human development.

In his book *The Natural Mind*, the father of Integrative Medicine, Andrew Weil, contends that substances themselves harbor no real threat — danger is in substance abuse. Additionally, "The drive [to alter consciousness] is a most important factor in our evolution, both as individuals and as a species."

UCLA psychopharmacologist Ronald Siegel goes so far as to suggest, "The pursuit of intoxication with drugs is a primary

motivational force in the behavior of organisms."

The U.S. Drug policy doesn't just overlook this common trait; it sprays herbicides on it from airplanes.

IV.

However slowly, the tide is turning. Ricaurte's botched study did more than make him look like a dick. It helped open the door for another discussion into psychedelic research. The Multidisciplinary Association for Psychedelic Studies (MAPS) was founded in 1986 to develop psychedelics and marijuana into prescription medicine. In 2010, they helped Dr. Michael Mithoefer complete the first clinical trial evaluating MDMA as a therapeutic adjunct in treating post-traumatic stress disorder. The result was an 83 percent success rate compared to 25 percent in the placebo group — and copious amounts of publicity.

Mithoefer's work has been the seminal piece in what is being dubbed the Psychedelic Renaissance. Research into the therapeutic potential of psychedelics is taking place all over the world. Ayahuasca, LSD, psilocybin, ibogaine, and mescaline are all currently being examined as treatments for afflictions such as end-of-life anxiety, opiate addiction, alcoholism, and just about anything.

The Renaissance, put another way, is kinda hot right now. From Playboy to Oprah, the mainstream media have begun to shine a light on the potential of MDMA, and psychedelic research in general.

Local chiropractor, homeopath, and MAPS-certified advocate of progressive drug policy Vip Short DC is very much aware of the uphill battle MDMA will face before it can be produced commercially.

The problem, he explains, goes beyond toxicity. "No one's getting rich developing these drugs. The patent on MDMA has long since expired. Drug companies are simply not interested in developing MDMA."

Short is quick to point out the dangers associated with MDMA use and isn't exactly an advocate for the drug itself. If there's anything we can take from this Renaissance, Short hopes it's the potential benefit for proper use.

"It has a low potential for any spontaneous negative experiences, psychologically speaking. There are no 'bad trips.' MDMA is a very unique molecule that seems to open a window to deep awareness and appreciation for the sanctity of life."

V.

Although University head of psychology made clear that his department has no plans to undertake any research on potential medicinal uses of psychedelics, a steadily increasing number of undergraduates across many disciplines are "rolling" under the banner of the scientific process. Or maybe they're just trying to party.

Regardless, MDMA, whether sold as Molly, Ecstasy, or thizz, has a presence on campuses across the country. A 2010 study by the National College Health Assessment Survey found that 18 percent of male UO students and 13 percent of females have tried MDMA, which is on par with the national average.

But even acknowledging the fucked-up-ness of U.S. drug policy won't exempt you from the dangers associated with it. Unless you're getting your MDMA from people like Ometer (you aren't), the purity remains suspect.

So while the dude in the flat-billed Athletics (registered trademark) hat extols the virtues of the pressed tab he holds in front of you, ask yourself: do you believe in the trickle down effect?

How To Ingest MDMA

DO NOT: Take pressed tabs. One third of pressed tabs sold as Ecstasy don't even contain MDMA.

DO NOT: Weigh MDMA powder on a gram scale that doesn't go to the hundredths place. Underdose, even worse, overdose is possible.

BE CAREFUL: With combinations. Not a great idea to take anything else along with MDMA.

STEP ONE: Read up. Avoid anything government-funded. Peep erowid.com or maps.org for all things MDMA.

STEP ONE-POINT-FIVE: Don't take MDMA if you are currently taking SSRI-type antidepressant drugs.

STEP TWO: Obtain MDMA from a trusted source. (This is the most difficult step to execute.) Use judgment. Still sketched out? Err on the side of caution.

STEP THREE: Send in samples of your newly acquired MDMA to Ecstasydata.org for confirmation of the drug's contents. Home kits are also available.

STEP FOUR: Lyte up. Use electrolyte supplementation days prior to ingestion. Products containing calcium, magnesium, potassium, and trace minerals like Emergen-C are suggested.

STEP FIVE: Alert a friend sober enough to take correct action of your intentions to take MDMA in case of emergency.

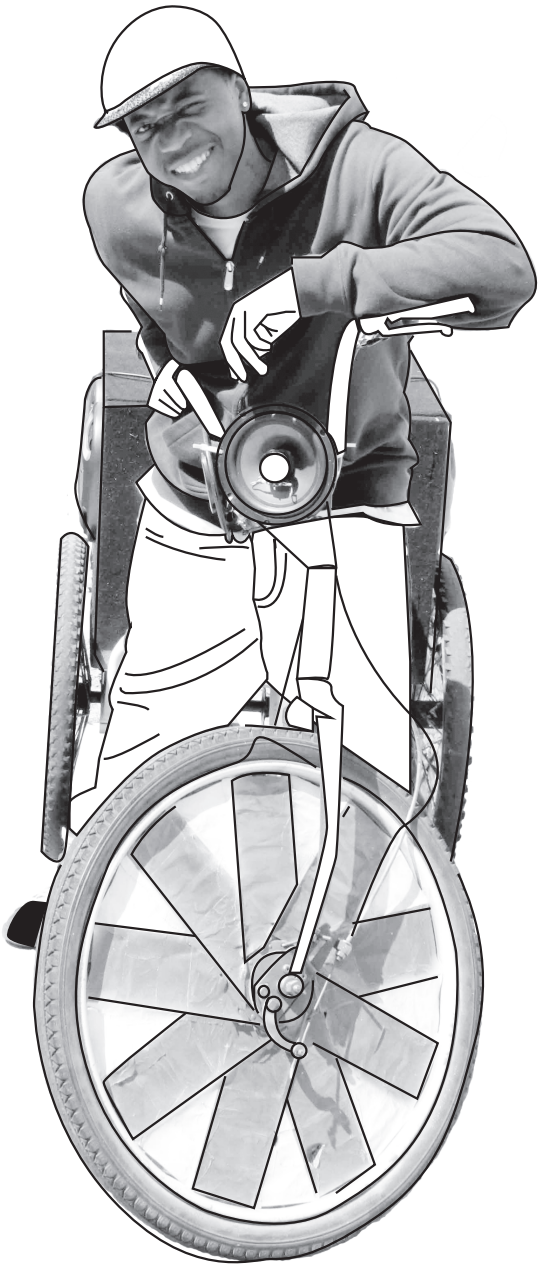
STEP SIX: Open mouth insert pill(s). Recommended dosage: 135 grams. Chase with water. And swallow.

STEP SEVEN: Surround self with dope music, dance floors, full moons, people down to give massages, and not the police.

STEP EIGHT: Stay hydrated to avoid hyperthermia.

STEP NINE: Day after, take 5-HTP (a naturally-derived precurser to serotonin, available where vitamins are sold) to restore depleted serotonin levels.

STEP TEN: Repeat steps one through nine as desired.



AYE BAY BAY

AN INTERVIEW WITH HIS MAJESTY, BAYBE CHAMP, THE BAY AREA'S SCRAPER BIKE KING

words **NOAH DEWITT**
photo **TAYLOR JOHNSTON**

The Bay Area's hyphy movement — defined by thizz, ghost-riding, and Mac Dre worship — was an all-too-brief cultural phenomenon. But from the loins of hyphy sprung another movement, which as of yet is still on the rise. The scraper bike movement began on YouTube, when Tyrone Stevenson Jr., aka Baybe Champ, and his cousin's rap group, the Trunk Boyz, filmed their procession of decked-out bicycles. Their music video "Scraper Bike," which had 3,216,985 views as this issue of **OREGON VOICE** went to press, has inspired youth around the Bay and beyond to "scrape out" their bikes. The OV road-tripped it to Oakland and sat down with Champ to talk about the movement.

OV: What is a scraper bike?

BC: A scraper bike is a do-it-yourself type of style. You can get anything to make it a scraper bike — if it's aluminum foil or duct tape or cardboard or stickers or spray paint — any type of decorative format that goes onto the spokes make it a scraper bike.

OV: Were you the first to put tape on your spokes like that?

BC: Tape, yeah. But back in the day, before my generation, they were putting aluminum foil on the spokes of the bikes. But I took it to the next level and got spray paint and music and the whole crew and naming the bikes and making videos and documentaries and interviews and community events. Like, yeah. I'm the original Scraper Bike King.

OV: How did you come up with that?

BC: At that time, it was the middle of the hyphy movement. Some kids wanted to have rims on their bikes to look like the cars. Around that time, people started putting paint on their rims. I'm like, okay, I got some skinny wheels. Let's see if I can put some foil tape on them to make them look like 26-inch rims. You know, candy paint on it with the frame to match. It went from one bike to the next to another, and then I started having cousins and friends riding the bikes with me. And it turned into this.

OV: What has been the impact of the scraper bike movement?

BC: Man, it's saved a lot of kids' lives, for me personally that I can say. I'm working with at least 30 youths in my community right now. I'm also working at a middle school that some of the kids attend, you know, working on campus and off campus as a mentor…

OV: All this is revolving around the bikes, right? So how often do you meet with kids to work on their bikes? Is your place kind of like a bike shop?

BC: Well, man, whenever the kids come, we just work on 'em. There's really no schedule. They know my door is always open. They've got my number; they can call me. Sometimes they don't call — they just sit at the gate and just yell till I come open the gate for them. But it's fun though. I love the kids.

OV: So has the scraper bike movement been picked up elsewhere, outside of East Oakland?

BC: Definitely it's spreading. You can see it online, you know. Just check out the YouTube videos. The videos range worldwide. There's this one guy in Germany constantly hitting me up on Twitter. Like "I made this scraper bike. Here's the picture. Go to the YouTube link and look at the video." So you know, it's just continuing to grow. I'm leaving the state this month on the 28th to go the 5 Point Film Festival to present the "Scraper Town" video.

OV: Haters gon' hate. Who hates on the scraper bike movement?

BC: The main thing people don't like about the scraper bike movement is me because my music is super loud, and I don't care. I got six six-by-nine speakers on the back and two tweeters in the front so you can really hear me like two or three blocks away if I've got a full battery. And sometimes I come out early feeling good at like 8 in the morning, and just wake up the entire neighborhood. Later on in the day, around 3 or 4, someone's like, "Champ, why was you up so early playing that music? You woke me up." But other than that, no one's opposed. We're working with kids right now, you know. Keeping them outta trouble. When drug dealers and people who have a negative impact on the kids see the bikes we're riding, it's just like a breath of fresh air.

OV: If you're rolling 20-deep on a bike ride, I'd imagine some motorists might get pissed.

BC: I mean, with all the bike lanes we have in Oakland now, it's pretty easy to navigate through it. But sometimes, when I'm in my Scraper-Bike-King mode and don't care about traffic and I got all the kids with me and we're probably more than 20-deep, it's like, you're just going to have to wait. I'ma do my circle in the middle of the intersection, profile up. You know, you're just going to have to wait.

OV: Where can we go to see some scraper bikes moving? Is there a place where scraper bike kids hang out?

BC: I'm not sure if they're out right now. It's early. Maybe a little later you can catch them. We all had a good time at this little house party last night. I was kind of like chaperoning but not really chaperoning. So that's my whole life, just based around kids. If I'm at the school or at home or at parties, it's just keeping them focused and making sure they're safe. That's my main thing. Parents know exactly where they're at and what they're doing when they're with me. It's good.

instant gratification

Fighting the digital age with lo-fi love

words & photos **CARA MERENDINO**

Within its plastic frame, a Polaroid photo develops in the light condition in which it was captured, just moments after a newly coded memory was frozen in time. Sometimes, it bleeds photographic material in the most magical of ways. The Polaroid exists only in the one frame in which it was created: authentic, unique, impossible to duplicate. These nostalgic qualities make Polaroid special, and when the company announced that they would no longer produce their beloved instant film back in 2008, there was quite an uproar. Polaroid is classic, timeless, and it develops before your eyes!

The spontaneity of Polaroid film and similarly, the unpredictable results of plastic toy cameras like the Holga and the Diana, have played an important role in embracing the soft lines and happy accidents that directly refute the trillion megapixel accuracy of the digital age.

Though authentic Polaroid film can still be found for a pretty penny on eBay, it's a nasty bidding-war zone out there. Luckily, Florian Kaps, a leading manager of the Lomographic Society, and Andre Bosman, a former Polaroid engineer, teamed up to buy the last standing Polaroid factory in Enschede, The Netherlands. Together they formed the Impossible Project, which has worked to create a number of interesting variations of replacement film for Polaroid cameras. This film, too, after shipping, can set you back anywhere from three to five bucks a shot, and it is by no means the same vibrancy of the original Polaroid formula. Though it's different, it sure beats nothing.

The Lomography Society has also played an important part in the analog counterinsurgency. A self-proclaimed "magazine, shop, and a community dedicated to analogue photography," Lomography was named after the Lomo Kompakt Automat, a plastic Russian camera that first appeared in the mid 1980s that produced astonishing and distinctive dream-like effects. Their philosophy suggests taking pictures down the road less traveled, or as they say, "from the hip," which has produced an entire photographic culture devoted to non-traditional framing and the overlooked details hidden in plain sight.

In the last few years, companies like Urban Outfitters and Apple have caught on to the trendy return to lo-fi and excorporated the shit out of it (see the documentary *Merchants of Cool* for more information on excorporation). Brightly colored Holgas are available for purchase at Urban Outfitters (as are an entire assortment of fixies, while we're talking about it). Smart phone applications such as the Hipstamatic and RetroCamera are easy to download and can simulate pinhole cameras, Polaroids, and toy cameras without high film and developing costs, *instantly*.

This intersection of digital and analog is a concept I personally have trouble coming to grips with. Part of what makes lo-fidelity analog photography exciting to me is the simplistic physical and chemical reaction occurring within the camera, prone to unexpected surprises and made sweeter by the wait before it develops. And sure, film is not only getting harder and harder to find, but it is expensive to process and even tougher to find labs that will develop medium format film used in most toy cameras. My gripe here is that in the footsteps of GarageBand and iMovie, Hipstamatic has come to the rescue to make everyone feel like they're artists by tapping a screen, having never known the woes of getting back a roll of film in which eleven out of twelve shots are underexposed. If the lo-fi revival is a movement that stands up to a world of sharp pixilation and Photoshopped images that created the photographic question, "is that real?" then Hipstamatic is unintentionally ironic, and that's pretty hip.

This isn't to say I don't appreciate a nice photo taken on Hipstamatic—OREGON VOICE staffer Sreang Hok consistently takes iPhone photography to the next level, and in its own way, I suppose cell phone photography is on the lo-fi end of the digital spectrum, but *still*. Nothing can compare to watching a photo develop in your hands, or waiting anxiously to see forgotten prints from a roll of film that turned up under the bookshelf, nor does any digitally manipulated photo hold a candle to the beauty of accidental double exposures, light leaks, or other imperfections that would peeve a professional photographer.

Since technology isn't slowing down anytime soon, I suppose I'll have to live with the fact that it's slowly killing everything I love. But, like my dad always reminds me, a lot of people thought the electric guitar was blasphemous … and now we have distortion pedals and Jack White. I guess that's comforting. Long live the analog revolution!

COOL CAMERAS UNDER $150

Holga 120CFN ($)
Holga with a rotating color flash.

SuperSampler ($$)
Captures four pictures in succession.

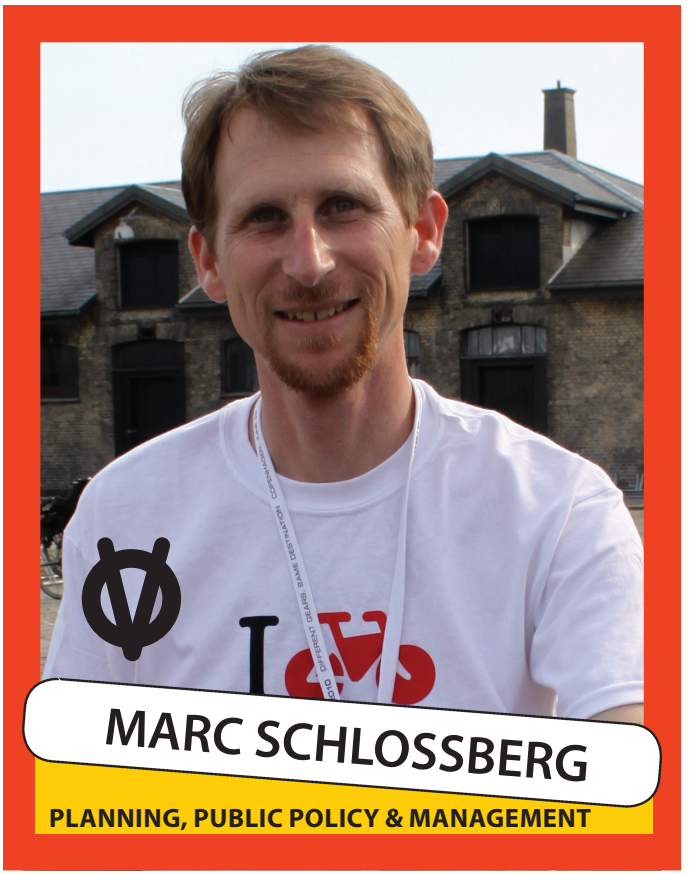
Fuji Instax 7S($$)
Fuji still makes film for this. Not quite Polaroid, but close.

Lomography Spinner 360 ($$$)
Pull-chord activated, and takes a 360 panorama on 35mm film.

PROFESSOR TRADING KARDZ

JACK RYAN

ART



MARC SCHLOSSBERG

PLANNING, PUBLIC POLICY & MANAGEMENT

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PROFESSOR TRADING KARDZ

MARK SCHLOSSBERG

DEPARTMENT: Associate Professor, Planning, Public Policy, and Management

HEIGHT: 5'9"

WEIGHT: 10.2 stones

LEFT/RIGHT HANDED: Right

NICKNAME: Schloss Dog Millionaire

FAVORITE RAPPER: Run DMC (first album) or Ice-T (Freedom of Speech)

UNDERGRAD GPA: 2.7 GPA

MODE(S) OF TRANSPORTATION: XtraCycle Bike

STUPIDEST THING A STUDENT'S EVER SAID IN CLASS: Dog sledding is an important form of urban transportation.

JACK RYAN

DEPARTMENT: Assistant Professor, Director of the Core Studio, Art

HEIGHT: 6'1"

WEIGHT: 170

LEFT/RIGHT HANDED: Switch hitter (slightly better average as a lefty)

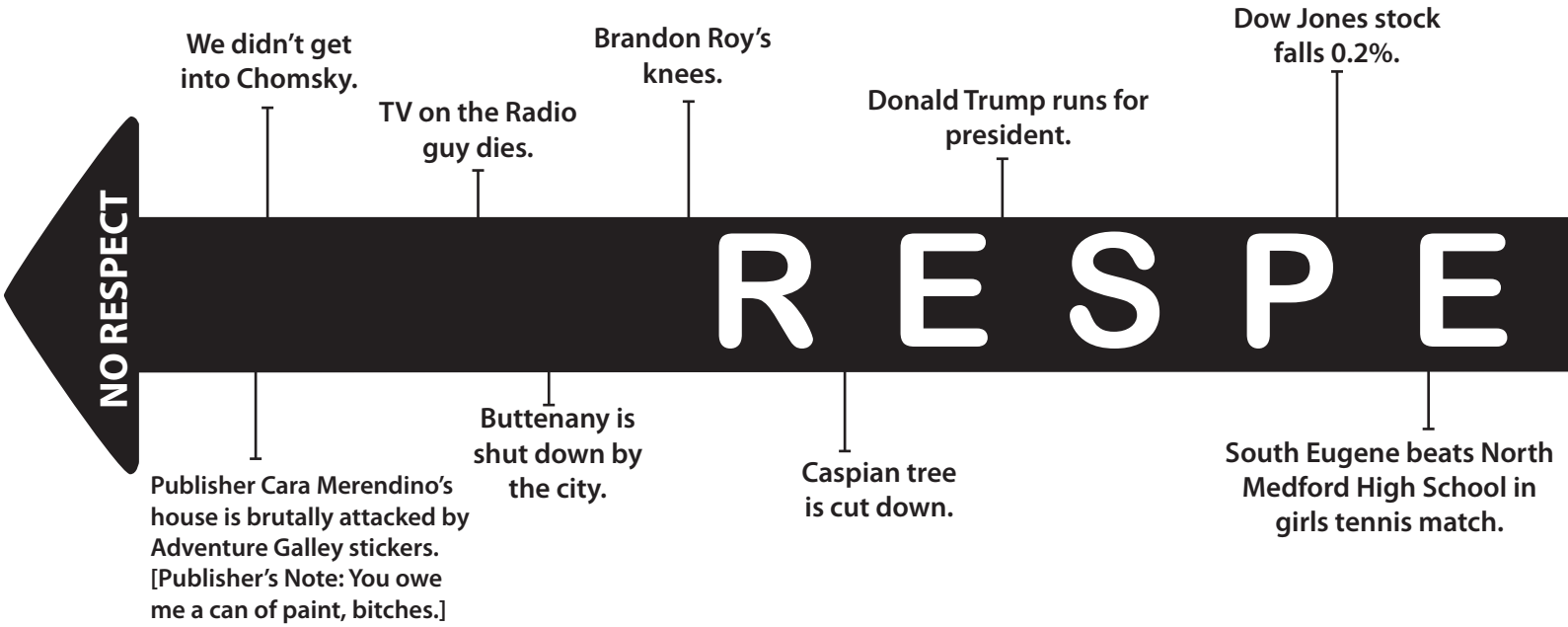
NICKNAME: Dingo

FAVORITE RAPPER: Debbie Harry (from Blondie)

UNDERGRAD GPA: Three Eight

MODE OF TRANSPORTATION: My cargo bike. I can load 600 lbs of materials on my bucket on the back. 283 kg for your European readers.

STUPIDEST THING ANYONE HAS EVER ASKED IN CLASS: Can you just ignore all those absences I had?


NO RESPECT
We didn't get into Chomsky.
TV on the Radio guy dies.
Brandon Roy's knees.
Donald Trump runs for president.
Dow Jones stock falls 0.2%.
Publisher Cara Merendino's house is brutally attacked by Adventure Galley stickers. [Publisher's Note: You owe me a can of paint, bitches.]
Buttenany is shut down by the city.
Caspian tree is cut down.
South Eugene beats North Medford High School in girls tennis match.

AN ODE TO ROALD DAHL

words & art **JOSEPH DE SOSA**

"Nowadays you can go anywhere in the world in a few hours, and nothing is fabulous any more."
-Roald Dahl

Author and imaginative magician Roald Dahl wrote a few of the greatest stories of all time, inspired a rad cookbook (Roald Dahl's Revolting Recipes), and gave life and light in times of death and darkness. He was a World War II veteran. He risked life and limb for each of our own lives and limbs. Dr. Seuss ain't got shit on old Roald. His novels were simplistic in word choice and deep with content. He was a children's Hemingway if you will. I personally owe my reading ability to *Danny Champion of the World* and *The BFG*. *Charlie and the Chocolate Factory*, a commentary on a disillusioned and divided England, gave hope to the young in times of hopelessness. He was a man worthy of worship. He chronicled his life, young in *Going Solo*, younger in *Boy*. He was a child at heart, but a man in character. He loved to share his fantastical mind with anyone willing. So here is to you, Roald Dahl. Cheers, old chum.

ROLY POLIES

words **LUCY OHLSEN**
art **JULIAN EARNEST**

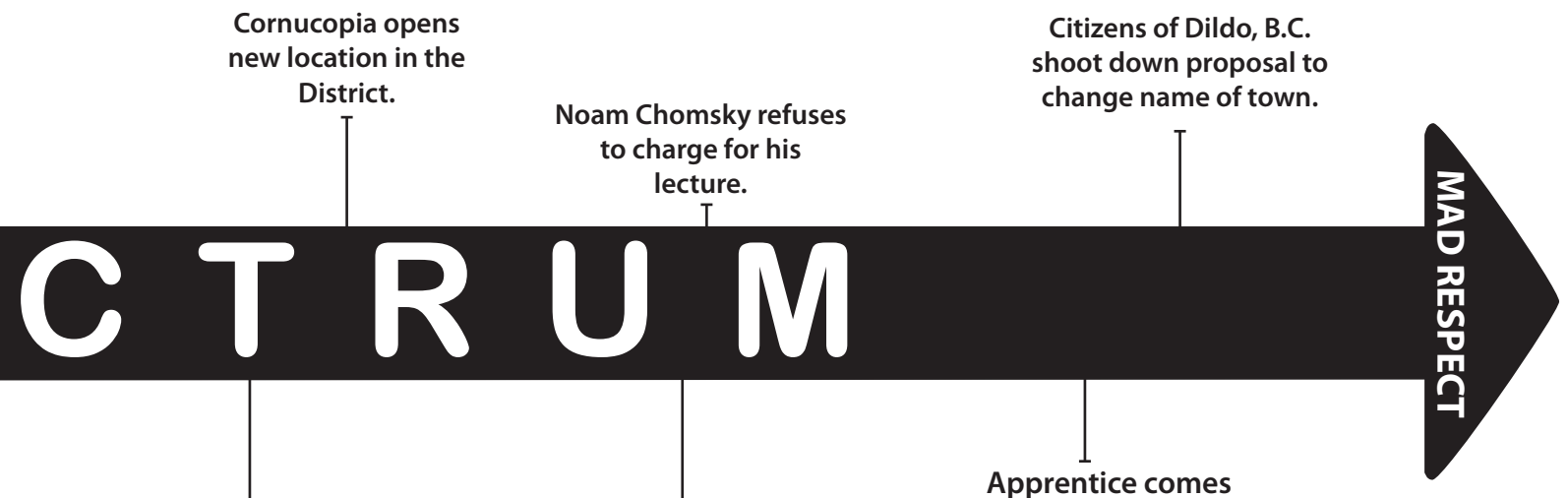
How exactly roly polies became the cute little bugs that even girls will play with, I don't know. All I know is that their cuteness hardly outweighs their striking similarity to centipedes, and the other features that make them unique hardly make them any more attractive.

They eat shit. Literally. Sometimes even their own. They can drink through their butts. Gross. They pee by letting the moisture evaporate through their shell. Think about that next time you pick one up to see it do its little curling up thing.

The only thing that makes them cute is the conglobation act. Somehow, it's endearing that a tiny little bug expresses its emotions so clearly and pitifully by hiding underneath its own skin. All of a sudden the little mini centipede is just an adorable little living being, afraid of the big bad monsters of the world.

Though it's true, they usually don the roly stance because of some menacing situation, they also do it for a less emotionally appealing motive: to retain their moistness. Imagine being inside that little shell. Dark and leg-filled, with an acid humidity (the result of not peeing) permeating every corner. Roly polies don't just curl up because they're timid teensy beings; they do it because they love that damp moist haven of their underbodies.

Even if roly polies aren't that cute upon a closer examination, they are still pretty legit crustaceans. If you're short on friends, find a roly poly. They can live for three years, and they don't just live with all your shit, they live for it.


Cornucopia opens new location in the District.
Noam Chomsky refuses to charge for his lecture.
Citizens of Dildo, B.C. shoot down proposal to change name of town.
C T R U M
MAD RESPECT
3D Chinese porno grosses more than *Avatar.*
Osama bin Laden sleeps with the fishes.
Apprentice comes to an end.

REVIEWS

Film: *Umshini Wam*
Director: Harmony Korine
Starring: Die Antwoord
words **PAUL METZLER**
art **NOELLE PETROWSKI**

FILM

"If you want to be next level, you need to fucking roll next level"

Genius filmmaker Harmony Korine (*Gummo*) teams up with psycho South African rap duo Die Antwoord to make the short film *Umshini Wam* — literally, "bring me my machine gun." The film follows Die Antwoord's lanky, stick-and-poke-tattooed front man, Ninja, and his freaky, angel-voiced partner, Yo Landi, as they tote guns and cause trouble in quiet suburban South Africa. Rolling around in wheelchairs and dressed up as Pokémon, they hide out in the forest, smoke laughably large joints, and steal the "Rolls-Royce" of wheelchairs from a conservative and racist old man. While *Umshini Wam* may be the most ridiculous, engaging, and uproarious video on the internet, it's also a meaningful commentary on South African culture.

Die Antwoord represents the antithesis of the prejudiced apartheid-era way of thinking. Instead of accepting the established boundaries between different people, Ninja, in his viral music video "Enter the Ninja," explains that he represents all the cultures of South Africa "fucked into one person."

Max Rayneard, a South African Die Antwoord enthusiast and University graduate student in the comparative literature department, when explaining his experiences at a concert, made special mention of Ninja crowd surfing in a Pokémon jump suit and images of cavorting women on a beach projected on the stage. *Umshini Wam* perfectly embodies this Die Antwoord aesthetic, but Rayneard wonders if

Artist: Del the Funky Homosapien
Album: *Golden Era*
Label: The Council

words **BEN STONE**

The first song on Del the Funky Homosapien's new record, "Break the Bank," cuts into a muddy four bar loop: basic drums with electric bass and a wah guitar playing a single unresolved note in tandem. It has the cold, perfectly syncopated bump of a funk song made into a beat on a computer screen at four in the morning. Then it repeats. And again. It hangs in limbo until Del comes in with some soft-edge battle rhymes that never really find a punchline. Verse. Chorus. Verse. Chorus. Fade out. And that's the album.

Del has made a living off of geeky freestyle rhymes and an easy flow. He filtered every word through a sing-song intonation that both mocked sucka MCs for trying so hard and sounded dope in its own right. "Mistadobalina is a jackass, much like a donkey/And I'ma pin the tail on the funky…Drink me a forty as I ride my rhinoceros," Del rhymed on his 1991 track "Dr. Bombay." In contrast, this is Del on his new song, "Pearly Gates," rhyming over a numbing drum track with the same ease, but none of the funky logic: "Uh-huh/You know the steelo/ Keep playin' and you gonna get devoed/ Diesel/Yeah, foe, you may as well just shut up/ Before, dude, nut up/Kick you in the buttocks/In public."

In the past, Del has always had some fresh musicians to structure his sound — Dan the Automator, Damon Albarn, and an old school Ice Cube all produced for him — but now he's older, and going it alone. The result is a lonely, monotonous record that finds Del throwing numberless punches at MCs that aren't there anymore.

Rated: Swedish Fish out of Cod Liver Oil.

the cultural significance of *Umshini Wam* is lost to a global audience who might get caught up in the Pokémo costumes and vulgar language. Despite the initial ridiculousness, the film comments on racism and the fear of a failed resistance culture which led to the end of the apartheid.

This film also sheds light on the lives of South Africa's poor. Beneath the almost playful, videogame-like heroism of the couple's adventure, are two crippled, tired people who have no other choice but to violently better their circumstances. This exemplifies the dramatic irony in the phrase "bring me my machine gun" — the signature song of the current South African president. Originally a rally cry of anti-apartheid resistance, it seems, from the outsider's point of view, to comment on South Africa's high crime rate.

The film concludes with the violent acquisition of gangster hologram rims for their wheelchairs and other "next-level" merchandise. "I think God has forgiven us," Yo Landi says, allowing for a moment of reflection. Ninja replies, "Yeah, God's a good guy" and then it ends.

Rated: Gorilla Munch out of Lucky Charms.

Artist: Fleet Foxes
Album: *Helplessness Blues*
words **SAIGE KOLPACK**

Three years following the release of their self-titled debut LP, the Fleet Foxes' new album, *Helplessness Blues*, is basically a continuation of the first, with a "few" more instruments — 12-sting guitar, hammered dulcimer, zither, upright bass, wood flute, tympani, moog, synthesizer, tamboura, fiddle, marxophone, clarinet, music box, pedal steel guitar, lap steel guitar, Tibetan singing bowls, and vibraphone — that work together to make some killer dream-like melodies. The thing about the Fleet Foxes is Robin Pecknold has a downright lovely voice, and I use that adjective sparingly. With the added harmonizing and melodies the Fleet Foxes know how to make beautiful music, and this album is no exception. It's an album you'd listen to while dozing off in the sun.

In the album's beautifully decorated liner notes, Pecknold says that it is "a synthesis of folk rock, traditional folk and psychedelic pop, with an emphasis on group vocal harmonies," which I'd say is spot on. He lists influences and inspirations like Bob Dylan and Neil Young, and a whole paragraph of others, but the other thing about Fleet Foxes is they don't really sound like anyone else out right now, which is impressive.

One of the themes of the album is "the struggle between who you are and who you want to be or who you want to end up, and how sometimes you are the only thing getting in the way of that." This is apparent on what I feel is the best song on the album, "Montezuma." Pecknold croons, "Oh what a man I used to be oh man on my oh me," with monk-like chanting in the background.

Some of the other songs seem a bit long and there's no chorus where you wish there was a one. I wasn't particularly fond of the eight-minute-and-seven-seconds, "The Shrine/ The Argument." It sounds like three different songs, the first of which I would be down with, but I think it goes down hill two minutes in.

The second best song on the album, "Blue Spotted Table," is the simplest with the least instruments and harmonizing. It gives you a chance to really hear the lyrics and a more mellow version of Pecknold's voice.

Overall this album is no let down and if you like their earlier stuff, you'll like this. Fleet Foxes, you give Seattle natives a reason to be proud.

Rated: A Fantastic Mr. Fleet Fox

Artist: Javelin
Album: *Canyon Candy EP*

words **WILL MEHIGAN**

I want to call Javelin's latest EP a huge change in direction, but they've never been known for following a specific direction in the first place. Their last two albums were as scatterbrained as the record bins at Value Village. About half of their songs were bouncy lite-funk beats that sounded as hot and sticky as a late-summer heat wave, but between those songs there was a diverse collection of lo-fi beats constructed from obscure samples they dug from the deepest of crates. The band would flesh out the rest of the songs with live instruments to create a vibe that sounded like a more subdued and groovy version of The Go Team.

On *Canyon Candy* Javelin ditches the bargain-bin-overview approach and instead sticks to one theme for the whole 24 minutes. For better or for worse, the theme is cowboys. The vast majority of the samples are pulled from old Western soundtracks. While this is an interesting idea, it doesn't work as well as it could because the sound is too minimal. This bare sound is sometimes interesting, but most of the time the songs just sound unfinished. For example, the chopped up slide guitar on "Estevez" would make an excellent addition to a slappin' hip hop beat, but on its own it sounds incomplete.

I will give Javelin props for their expert crate-digging on this conceptually interesting EP, but I hope in the future they return to making hot summer jams like "Vibrationz" and "Dep."

Rated: Tumbleweed out of Smokin' Weed.

BLUNTS
a how-to

words **NOAH PORTER**
art **CHELSEY BOEHNKE**

MATERIALS

- 1 Cigarillo
- 0.6 grams of medicinal herbs (although you could probably squeeze a blunt out of 0.4)
-1 lighter

STEP ONE - AQUISITION

Cigarillos can be purchased virtually anywhere tobacco is sold. There are many brands and varieties: Swisher Sweets, Phillie Blunts, Dutch Masters, White Owls, Backwoods, and a plethora of off-brand riff raff that is probably either too expensive or too suspect to be your cigar of choice. I prefer a regular Swisher Sweet.

WARNING: DO NOT USE A BLACK & MILD TO ROLL YOUR BLUNT. I am positive that it is horrible for you and literally NOBODY rolls with Black & Milds. Foul.

The acquisition of medicinal herbs is a bit trickier. If you have not already learned how to locate recreational vegetation, I can tell you it will probably involve a friend of a friend and copious amounts of small talk. Finding your own way is part of the journey!

STEP TWO - PREPARATION

Now that you have your weed and your cigar, you will need to prepare both materials for fusion. The medicinal herbs can be either ground up or picked apart by hand. Picking apart gooier greens can leave your fingers so sticky that it becomes difficult to handle the cigarillo in the forthcoming steps. It is never a bad idea to have a friend crumble the weed for you! Meanwhile, the cigarillo has to be split and gutted. It is of utmost importance that the outer shell of your cigar stays intact during this process. A ripped cigarillo leaf can be detrimental to your final product.

Begin by pinching the bottom end of the cigar with your two thumbs so your thumbnails meet in the middle of the cigar. Continue to apply pressure until the cigar splits at the end. Continue this little by little along the length of the cigarillo until it is split open, revealing the ugly tobacco guts. Dispose of them shits. NOTE: While some people reach for a sharp object when splitting their Swisher, this is slightly unnecessary and not always an available option. It's always worthwhile to learn how to do things with your own two hands.

STEP THREE - THE FILL

Grasp the cigarillo leaf with one hand by placing your index finger on the inside of the leaf while your thumb and middle finger support on the outside. This grip will keep your leaf in a reservoir position during the filling process.

Disperse the ground herbs evenly throughout the length of your cigar. You will notice that one end of the cigarillo is slightly tapered. This is the mouthpiece. If you decide to distribute your medicinal herbs unevenly (as to achieve a cone shape), make sure that the majority of the substance is placed at the end opposite from the mouthpiece. HINT: Roll your blunt over a flat surface. Tables, books and magazines work great — textbooks and important documents for the insatiably ironic.

STEP FOUR - THE FOLD

Hold the herb-filled cigar horizontally. Starting at one end, use your thumbs to fold and mold the edge of the cigar leaf nearest you over the leafy greens inside. This both forms the foliage to shape and completes the first half of the roll.

STEP FIVE - THE LICK

Blunts, like envelopes and cowlicks, recognize human saliva as the most readily available adhesive substance. Using your tounge, lick the inside of the cigarillo on the side farthest from you. Once the leaf is wetted, fold it over so it overlaps with the other side of the cigarillo, unifying the leaf back into one. If the adhesion fails, apply additional saliva and try again. Repeat steps four and five until the cigarillo is enclosed end to end.

STEP SIX - THE BAKE

Run the flame of your lighter up and down the seam of the blunt of a few times. This is to blunt-rolling what the kiln is to ceramics — it solidifies the adhesives to the point of cohesion.

STEP SEVEN - YOU DROPPED SOME HERB

You dropped some herb in the process of rolling the blunt. I know you did. Don't let this remainder go to waste! Droppings can be re-inserted through the open end of the blunt. Using a key, pen, chopstick or object of comparable girth, stuff the weed into the blunt in a ramrod motion as a revolutionary soldier might have loaded his musket while ducking redcoat fire. HINT: Don't stuff the herbs in the mouthpiece. You're not going to smoke the very end of your blunt anyways.

STEP EIGHT - GET HIGH

Light that shit, smoke that shit, pass that shit. Enjoy the fruits of your labor, etc. Puff, puff, pass is standard protocol.

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